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Viewpoints

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By Ann Caimi

(Ann, a frequent visitor to PTS, offers another perspective on the Nestle's controversy. Ed.)

As a visitor at PTS, I noticed the notes throughout your campus asking people to, "Please... Don't buy Nestle products!" I considered the information about "Baby Bottle Disease" and Nestle's questionable advertising practices presented by those notices and am responding to INFACT's argument as a person who was raised in Venezuela, South America.

The facts about "Baby Bottle Disease" cannot be denied, and all advertising techniques are by nature questionable. Beyond these issues lies the monumental problem that the people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America are confronted with: hunger. Nestle's baby foods (including the infant formula) have helped alleviate that hunger in Venezuela.

I have no statistics to flash at you. I can only speak about my personal exposure to Nestle's baby products and my own assesment of the hunger problem in Venezuela. Without Nestle's infant formula, most children from low (or no) income families in Venezuela would have no formula at all. Milk is scarce and, therefore, expensive, which makes it unaffordable to a family with four or five children whose income is under eight dollars per day. Nestle is the major producer of of infant formula in Venezuela. Its brand name seems to be respected as representative of good quality and low prices. Hence, Nestle's infant formula is popular among low income families, nourishing thousands of children who very probably would have starved otherwise.

Just as "Baby Bottle Disease" cannot be ignored, the ways in which Nestle has helped to alleviate the problem of hunger in Venezuela should not be overlooked, for they may be indicative of similar situations in other so-called "Third World" countries.

INFACT's notice criticizes Nestle without considering its accomplishments. It also neglects to inform the reader how Nestle's infant formula actually causes "Baby Bottle Disease." Neither does it offer a solution to the hunger problem, which would be aggravated should the boycott succeed in substantially reducing the market for Nestle's infant formula in so-called Third World countries. After all, the elimination of "Baby Bottle Disease," while important, will not do away with hunger.

So, analysis demonstrates that INFACT's notice is inadequate, for it presents a one-sided view of the situation. More importantly, it does not address itself to the relief of world hunger.

I invite you, as fellow creatures, to ask yourself one question before jumping on the bandwagon of INFACT's "righteousness": How am I going to help feed the people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America (and countless other places the media doesn't mention)?

NOTICES THAT NEVER MADE WINESKIN DEP'T

I am tired of writing tickets. My pen keeps freezing up. The seminary is saving the pink paper for SPON notices. Therefore, henceforth, beginning on or about 8 February 1982, students who park their cars in unauthorized areas will be shot on sight.

Warmly,

Stanley McKaig

Vignettes

On selecting the Editor

Now is the time to begin planning a workable process by which the next editor of this august periodical is chosen. It's evident, from this year's folly--or series of follies--, the present system doesn't work well. Before we go further with our criticism and suggestions, we should state we are acquainted with the practices of selection through both our own application and through our service on the Publications Board the year before, the committee which selected the first dual editors in the history of the publication.

The time to begin the process is now. The position should be offered and advertised for no later than March 1, 1982, and it should be advertised in both *The Wineskin* and *Viewpoints*. The applicants should have until March 15 to apply. Part of the application should be an interview with the then editor to acquaint her/him with exactly what goes into the production of this paper.

The responsibilities are simple: the editor solicits contributions, arranges for their typing into camera-ready copy--or, as even on this, does it himself--, assigns graphics, does the final copy proof, and after layout takes it in for printing. The job takes about 14 hours every two weeks. The largest portion of the job is involved with reviewing, editing, and rewriting copy. While the job doesn't call for the skills of a Fred Buechner or a Hugh Kerr, the editor needs to have a sense of spahe and layout, the ability to churn out serviceable prose, and a sense of humor, which is especially valuable once the criticisms take flight.

Currently the editor is paid $53.60 a month, and for next year the salary should be based on 7 hours a week at $3.75 an hour. With a school work year

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VIEWPOINTS

Viewpoints is an unofficial publication of creativity for and by the students, staff, administrators, and faculty of Princeton Theological Seminary, an obscure school of divinity and associated arts located four doors up from Albert Einstein's home at 112 Mercer Street. Opinions expressed herein are those of the author(s), and do not necessarily represent the views of the editor, the seminary, or Phlegm the Wonder Flea. All submissions, blackmail or kidnap notes, and graphics must be left either at 108 Brown Hall or at the receptionist's desk in the Administration Building for the *Viewpoints* box. Please type all submissions , double-space, on 8½ x 11" paper.

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Rue-Bricks
by Donald Macleod

Some movements--political, social, and cultural--bring back into current usage certain words or terms from ages long forgotten. Winston Churchill, that facile phrase-maker, made into common coin again certain words about to be tipped over the horizon of everyday. The liturgical movement, for example, has retrieved the term "rubric" and we note its frequent use now in secular contexts. In ancient liturgical texts and service books the word "rubric" referred to those instructions for the action of the celebrant in the course of the performance of the particular rite. Since these directives were printed in red lettering, they acquired the name "rubric" from either the French "rubrique" (red chalk) or the Latin "ruber" (red). Today any instructions interspersed even in a mathematical textbook or a guide for assembling a tinker-toy may be referred to as rubrics.

The rubric that troubles me, however, is the one I spell "rue-brick." "Rue" is the English word associated with lament and regret. "Brick" is a slang term for a clumsy fumble, such as "to drop a brick." This "rue-brick" is the feeling one has when he/she witnesses an awkward blunder or hears a bungled piece of instruction or senses that someone has botched a system of protocol. Perhaps, however, it is in the leading and conduct of public worship that I rue more the bricks that are carelessly and unthinkingly dropped, and inwardly I cry OUCH!

Here are some of the more common rue-bricks one can hear almost any Sunday morning in services of Christian worship anywhere in America either in simple meeting houses or among the arches of Gothic structures.

1. Pronunciation: "saith" is pronounced as "seth," not "say-eth." "Trespass," the noun is pronounced, e.g., in the Lord's Prayer, "tres-p^{e}ses" and the verb "trespass." "Amen" is "aw-men" when sung; "ah-men" when said. "Chastisement" is "chast-us-ment," not "chastisement." "Caesarea Philippi" is not "Phil-LIP-pi," but "Philip-eye" (all syllables equally stressed). "Prodigal," not "prodiggle son." "Jesus'" is O.K. for the possessive; but if a purist wishes to use "Jesus's" then it should be pronounced as the former and not "Jesuses." Incidentally AMEN is not sometimes out of place at the end of certain hymns (Routley notwithstanding); it is always out of place at the end of a Prayer of Confession.

2. Some rue-bricks are the result of wordiness or inaccuracy. "Let us join together . . ." (anything that is joined is automatically together). "Let us look to God in prayer" (which direction? up? out? down? extraneous if my eyes are closed). "Shall we pray?" (this puts it to a vote. Billy Graham would be startled by a NO verdict). The recently instituted rubric "Please be seated" isn't necessary even at political rallies and concert halls. Train the choir in a service of worship to rise and sit on cue and sit yourself and the congregation will follow you.

3. With the change from THEE and THOU to YOU and YOUR in our praying has come some disasters over helping verbs. Incidentally MAY is present tense; MIGHT is past. "We pray that we may (not might) come into your presence." After church you can then say, "We prayed that we might come into his presence." WOULD is giving some preachers trouble; also the overuse of THAT. Often I hear "We pray that you would send . . ." (sometimes "would" is pronounced

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WOOT). Easier is it to say, "We pray you to send . . ." This eliminates WOULD and THAT.

4. Of all the untoward things perpetrated upon us as Presbyterians by the ill-fated WORSHIPBOOK is the introduction of the rubric, "Listen for the Word of God." This is both theologically obtuse and liturgically mis-contrived. The implication is that we must sift out of the lesson what is the Word of God and what isn't. A rare competency indeed! Moreover, this rue-brick overlooks the difference between "listening" and "hearing," especially where the appropriation of God's Word is involved. Anyone can listen, but does everyone hear? Karl Barth put it well when he wrote, "In the Church to act means to hear, i.e., to hear the Word of God, and through the Word of God revelation and faith . . . In the whole world there exists no more intense, strenuous or animated action than that which consists in hearing the Word of God" (Quoted by W. Hahn in Worship and Congregation, p. 50). Also, we often hear, "May God add his blessing to this reading from his holy Word." Nix! The Word is his blessing and nothing needs to be added to it.

5. Some recent coinages are OUCH-Y: "to fellowship together" instead of "to have fellowship together." Incidentally the term "Fellowship Hall" is a misnomer in a Presbyterian church because it is a contortion of focus. In the Reformed tradition the acme and focus of fellowship is at and around the Lord's Table, not over coffee and buns in the annex to the house of worship. Other dreadful coinages are "insightful", "to impact," "more importantly" (it is incorrect grammar to use an adverb where an adjective is implied).

6. There is only one Sacrament of Baptism, but in the Presbyterian tradition it can be administered either to infants or adults. Hence it is disturbing when I read in a Sunday bulletin, "The Sacrament of Infant Baptism at the 9:30 a.m. Service." Another malpractice: some preachers treat the Psalter as if it were not part of the Old Testament at all. Their church folk think it is simply part of "the back of the Hymnbook." Reading responsively is a popular exercise in many churches, but this is a misuse of the Psalter which was intended originally to be sung. Why, O why, do so many preachers say, "Let us read responsibly" instead of "responsively?"

7. Then there is both the persistence in the use and re-introduction of archaic forms and terms. What young couple in the marriage ceremony understands what is meant by "I plight thee my troth"? Moreover, what gives with this recent agitation to use the term YAHWEH instead of GOD? With the current ground swell to make the language of worship and preaching intelligible to the common people, what are we up to in this? When my plumber drops a wrench on his foot, is he just being "with it" if he growls, "Yahweh damn it!"? There is a contemporary passion to push archaic language out the back door, but why do we, dressed in our albs, let the floodtide enter by the front door? In such a revision of "Lead on, O King eternal" as "Lead on, O cloud of Yahweh," the imagery of the known is being replaced by the animism of the unknown.

8. There is also spelling. Goodness! how we do mix it up. "Lecturn" for "lectern"; "alter" for altar"; "Pharoah" for "Pharaoh"; "Gloria Patria" for "Gloria Patri"; "Maunday" for "Maundy Thursday"; "loose" for "lose"; "seperate" for "separate"; "desparate" for "desperate."

9. There is no such order in the Presbyterian Church as a "Minister of Music." There is a ministry of music

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in the same sense as there is a ministry of evangelistic outreach, of benevolences, of pastoral care. Carry the music bit to a logical conclusion and the sexton becomes rightly the "Minister of the Mop."

10. Our festival Sundays need to have their nomenclature sharpened up. There is no such day or term as "Easter Sunday" or "Christmas Sunday." There are Easter Day and Christmas Day. Every Sunday is a "little Easter." Moreover, it is incorrect to say "Sundays in Advent" (of Advent) and to say "Sundays of Lent" (it is in Lent; the Sundays are not part of the 40 days of Lent). Why be redundant in the bulletin with the heading, "Morning Worship at 11:00 A.M."?

11. Accuracy in wording is so often absent. The hymn is "O Love, that wilt not let me go" (not "that will not . . ." Vocative here). Benedictions are frequently messed up. "The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face shine (not "to shine") upon you . . . . The Lord lift up his countenance (not "the light of his countenance") . . . ."

12. The loose use of the term "Reverend" disturbs me. Bulletins announce, "The Reverend Smith will preach." REVEREND is an adjective, not a title (such as Dean or President); it should never be used without either the Christian name and/or Mr./Ms. or both.

13. Three of the most common grammatical errors heard in the average pulpit: "different than" instead of the proper "different from"; "I cannot help but see..." instead of the proper "I cannot help seeing..."; "each" and "none" take singular not plural verb forms.

KATHLEEN, WE HARDLY KNEW YE...

Kathleen O' Connor has left Princeton to become Assistant Professor of Theology at the Maryknoll School of Theology. We'll miss her. It's hard to think of one, at least in recent memory, as universally loved and respected as she. Life here just won't be as pleasant without her smile. Best wishes to you, Kathleen.

NOTES FOR A SEASON

L. Roberts

"You know,"
you say to me
in this crowded room,
"it's snowing outside
violently
and we can't hear it.
The elements are crashing
and we hear nothing."
The sky is this graceful
conspirator, you say,
the universe is composed
not of matter, but music
and we can't hear
its white breath grace notes
clashing.
The clouds touch the ground.
And if it should happen
that we find each other
we will embrace
though we will not
have heard
each other coming
we will touch
though our paths
to each other
have been lost in snow
falling
we will ask
where we've been
and what we've done
as though it could matter,
and we'll laugh
and our laughter will light
the stars this winter
for us
like snow
born into this world
again and again
quietly
before leaving.

A RESPONSE TO A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

by Craig Stein

Dear Editor:

This letter is prompted by one written by Mr. Dan Ritchie (*Viewpoints, 3 December 1981, p.9)* regarding nuclear war. Before I discuss the content of Mr. Ritchie's comments I want to say a word about language. Thought Mr. Ritchie complains about how *the peace advocates... (are) confusing the language* of the discussion, he has been seduced into using a form of doublespeak himself. For example, the use of the word *defense* when one is really talking about war, or of the words *doing nothing* when one really means *doing nothing that involves the military*. The Princeton Seminary community is very aware that language both reflects and affects thinking. This is why we are so conscientious about liberating our language from the tyranny of sexism. We should be equally concerned to liberate our language from the tyranny of a militarism which subtly tells us war is acceptable as long as it's called defense and a non-military response is no response at all.

Mr. Ritchie asks a what if question which involves the Soviet Union destroying an American missile site with a nuclear weapon. Although I am not interested in playing the what if game, I would like to comment on the manner in which Mr. Ritchie frames the question. The question comes complete with three prepackaged responses. The reader is invited to return to the days of multiple choice tests by choosing one of the following answers: a) blow up a Soviet missle site, b) blow up a Sovoet city, or c) *do nothing*.

To play by the rules of the what if game is to accept the limitations imposed by Mr. Ritchie. The most glaring boundary imposed by the game is the choice of responses. The choices are a military response or nothing. I don't think it would be fair to fault the inventor of the game for this because it is an honest reflection of what we have always been told by our military and political leaders. The game, and the limited choices, are indicative of how society's collective mentality functions when it comes to nuclear war.

Another, subtler, limitation imposed by the rules of the game is: action is limited to reaction; the player is not allowed to take any initiative in preventing the holocaust and has only the option of responding. Again, this is an accurate reflection of our collective mentality: wait until something terrible happens before doing anything. We would rather spend hundreds of dollars preparing for retaliation than invest a little creative energy defusing the situation before it explodes.

The good news for Christians is we don't have to play the game. Jesus Christ has liberated our thinking and broken the boundaries and mental shackles of which the what if game is only one manifestation. The liberated community is able to see actions are not limited to response and a non-military response does not mean *doing nothing*. When Jesus commanded his disciples to love their enemies and to turn the other cheek, he commanded them to take the loving initiative and to respond creatively.

I, as much as anyone, love to play what if games, but playing what if games on nuclear war is about as appropriate as playing baseball on a freeway for two reasons. First, spending time and energy wondering what if keeps us from addressing present realties. The United States has about 20,000 tactical nuclear weapons plus 9200 strategic ICBMs. Between us and the Soviet Union there are enough weapons to destroy everyone on earth 16 times. A nuclear war would take about half an hour, and every town with a population of 25,000 or more is targeted. New York City alone has 65 bombs targeted for it. The most horrifying fact is we are planning to double our nuclear arsenal of strategic weapons in the next few years.

Second, "what if" games grant a legitimacy to nuclear war which it does not deserve. It makes nuclear war "thinkable" or conceivable. This is not an Avalon Hill board game. It is a question of incinerating and radiating a

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people to death in the name of "freedom" or "democracy" or "America." If it is a sin to look at a person and contemplate adultery, what is it to look at a nuclear bomb and contemplate using it, or to look at a people and contemplate murdering them? Like lust, it is the sin of making brothers and sisters into expendable objects.

This is the sin of placing one's own needs, or a people's needs, before another people's existence, the sin of ego-contricity and self-deification. It is the willingness to sacrifice the Soviet people to the god of American nationalism. It is a sin to love one's own freedom, democracy, or country more than one's brother or sister, whether they be Anglo-Saxon or Soviet. Mr. Ritchie said there is a difference between Soviet and American societies worth defending. There are perhaps many things worth dying for, but there is nothing worth killing for, even less so when the magnitude of murder is genocide. If (or more statistically probable, when) we do get into a nuclear war, it will be the manifestation of the sin that has long rotted at our hearts: the sin of slaying in our hearts the Soviet people, the sin of thinking nuclear war "winnable." This will be our deserved judgment.

When Jesus commanded that we love our enemies, he gave to us and created in us the ability to take the loving initiative. He has also given himself as the norm by which 'loving initiative' is to be defined. Without wating for our repentance, Christ took the loving initiative and came to us and redeemed us, dying for us "while we were yet sinners" (Rom. 5:8). Now he has given us this ability also. One may well ask, "How?" By his word. Just as Christ brought creation into existence from nothing by his word, so too does he bring from within us the ability to love the unlovely and the unloving by merely commanding that it be so. This means that we don't have to wait for the Soviet Union to show some sign that would merit a loving response. We are given the power and authority to take the loving initiative. There will be many opinions on what the loving intiative is under the present circumstances. May I offer mine? It is we unilaterally disarm.

Some will object: this is foolish. That is not the criterion for our actions. The sole criterion for Christian faith is, "Is this the will of the God revealed to us in Jesus Christ?" I believe it is.

My final comment is on creative response. The Christian, individual and community, is continuously confronted with circumstances which demand a response. The critical moment when the individual or community has the opportunity to be obedient to Christ, and therefore witness to and proclaim his lordship, is precisely when either is confronted by hate. The world's response to hate is hate, but this requires no more will or creativity than a pool ball. To respond to a nuclear attack with a nuclear attack is to submit one's self to the tyranny of hatred and of cause and effect. It is to proclaim the lordship of revenge, and insofar as it is this, it is anti-Christ. Again, by his word, the command to turn the other cheek, Christ has freed us to respond, not mechanically and predictably, but rather creatively and forgivingly. We are to respond to those who sin against us as Christ responds to us when we sin against him, forgivingly. If God had responded to our sin as the proponents of nuclear war would respond to the Soviet Union, we would all be going to hell. God calls us to a justice that is out of this world, and that is foolishness to those who are of this world. He has given us and created in us the ability to be obedient to this call, and has commanded us to be so, until he comes, Amen.

A RESPONSE TO A RESPONSE TO A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

by Steve Harrison

I wish to muse briefly about Craig Stein's response to Dan Ritchie's response to Ron Baard. It is not my intention to make light of the issues of nuclear war or of unilateral disarmament; rather, I hope to bring to light a few points worthy of consideration from all camps.

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First, care must be taken not to equate American policy or response with a Christian policy or response. Possibly to our regret, America is not a Christian nation and cannot be treated as such. There are no Christian nations; there are only Christian people. Indeed Jesus commanded his followers to love their enemies, but to expect political leaders (the majority of whom are non-Christian) to do the same stretches credulity to the breaking point.

Second, the "what if" game seems to abound on all sides of the question. Whether the rules of the game include only military responses or only disarmament initiatives, the result is the same-- the game is beign played. Let us be honest with ourselves in this regard and stop slinging mud.

Third, continuous nuclear buildup appears to be as destructive to our way of life (in the long run), in terms of probable holocaust, as abandoning our nation to the mercy of foreign political and military powers by means of unilateral disarmament. By the way, this implies what: nuclear disarmament, conventional disarmament, or both? Other options to these two are not only possible, but are also infinitely more desirable, i.e., resumption of multilateral disarmament agreements or other *creative* resolutions to the problem. My cynicism (or realism) leads me to believe that further development of nuclear weaponry can be nothing less than inimical to the preservation of life as it is now known. But I also believe the path of unilateral disarmament will lead to the elimination of the basic liberties (one of which allows all of us to be writing these letters) which are enjoyed in America as as autonomous political entity. If all of the ingenuity of the separate factions of the church was pooled, surely a much more *creative* initiative or response could emerge than either of the foolhardy propositions which have thus far been proposed.

As a closing thought, the Christian's responsibility is to work toward the upbuilding of God's kingdom, not the division of it or the destruction of it. Short of direct, divine revelation the exact will of God is usually hidden from plain view, particularly when specific policies (whatever their nature) are purported to be the Christian point of view. Somehow those "Christian" policies many times have ways of becoming distinctly un-Christian in character. Didn't Jesus say something about whoever is without sin may cast the first ICBM? or was that cast down the first ICBM? I never can get those sayings straight.

TEN THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR SEMINARY EDUCATION ...

(We got dem ole M.Div. blues)

1. Sell life insurance.
2. Sell life insurance.
3. Go into counseling: therapist, client, or both.
4. Teach religion, Christian Ed, or World Religions.
5. Go to law school.
6. Get a doctorate.
7. Hang around the seminary until they give you a job.
8. Be a social worker or waiter.
9. Become a denominational executive.
10. Rewrite Barth for Inter-Varsity Press.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

"There, again, speaks a contemporary mind. If not Moscow, Rome; if not humanism, deism; if not logical positivism, illogical negativism. I hate all the categories. The only thing I care about--dare I say it?--is truth, and its climate, love."

Malcolm Muggeridge, *Jesus Rediscovered*, p. 135

HANGING TOGETHER

Someone is quoted as having said "If we don't all hang together, we'll all hang separately." All of us have learned the truth of this statement in one way or another. In view of the need that exists for members of the Seminary Family to come together for Bible study, prayer, reflection, and Christian companionship, small groups have been meeting throughout the semester. "Hanging together" has been profitable on many accounts. The statements that follow are offered in the spirit of encouragement.

"For at least a decade, to get me into a cell or prayer group would have been a feat of "kicking and squealing" because I was not a "navel gazer." Well, this autumn my good friend Steve Strickler told me about the projected Fellowship Groups and with a notion of "I'll try it," I signed up. Each Wednesday from 7:15 to 8:15 p.m. all seven of us have met to share Bible study, prayer concerns, and personal observations regarding devotional living. Benefits? On a campus of 900 students where one half doesn't know the other, in this group (assuredly true of others meeting similarly) we are a simple oasis of spiritual companionship, of concerned intercessors, of mutual support; academic levels disappear and insights into the meaning of pericopes of Scripture and the experiences of our common faith are openly shared and added to the deposit of our developing faith."

--Donald Macleod (Professor of Preaching and Worship)

"Upon moving to Princeton this fall, we established as a high priority the development of meaningful relationships with fellow students. We are grateful to Princeton Seminary Fellowship for helping us fulfill that goal by providing an opportunity to experience community on a small-group level. It has been exciting to get to know other students through the mutual sharing of personal and campus concerns, informal Bible study, and prayer. Living off-campus, we have especially appreciated this "community-tie" to campus. We encourage all of the Seminary family to seriously consider this opportunity for meaningful fellowship!

--Scott and Cynthia Weimer (Th. M. candidate and wife)

Maybe you would like to participate in a Fellowship Group. If You've missed the opportunity to express your desire to be involved in this kind of caring and sharing, then let us know. You may contact Mike DeArruda at 452-7028 or by dropping him a note in his mail box in the basement of Hodge Hall.

VIDEODEATH

50...55...65...the speedometer creeps forward as the engine hums its love song to the freeway. Gotta get home fast. "Smog isn't bad today, Harry. I can see the Hollywood sign from here." Pull in the driveway and run over the flowerbeds. Good-- martinis in the fridge. Check the calendar: Sunday, November 29. Damn. Charity ball for the children's hospital tonight. Oh well, you can get plastered without anyone knowing except the kids. They can always watch Tee Vee. You go outside, ignoring the dog, and look at the swimming pool. The goldfish died. Too much chlorine. Six o'clock. Time for Action News. Turn on the set and open a beer. "Hey, Ethel, come lookit this. Somebody died."

Wednesday, December 2. When anyone in this town dies, it's a special occasion. It's question and answer time. What really happened? Were you invited to the funeral? How do you feel about the death of your son/wife/child? Do you miss your mother yet? Fill in the blank Photographers are clicking cameras with zoom lenses, trying for shots of those in mourning; they get them. Emoting in public--there's nothing like it for good copy. Hey, did you get the one of him kissing the coffin? That'll sell millions of papers. Reporters want statements and reactions from the blank, pale faces and, by God, they'll get them. Citizens with houses to clean and carpools to drive stand behind the gates and watch the procession. Just like Tee Vee. A few take pictures and talk too loudly. Isn't it awful how young she was? Do you think his show will be cancelled? He sure looks upset--wonder if they gave him a tranquilizer? Movement and the scent of gardenias, white angels spreading their wings over the casket. The crowds are pushing forward now, after having lunch at Jack in the Box, eager to beat the family to the inner excesses of the cemetery, eager to see where Mailer's coffee-table-book-lady is resting. They know their rights. They took the guided tour of Forest Lawn. These parks are for the enjoyment of others, after all. The dead grin up at you with their lichen-covered copper plates, knowing the tremendous secret. Now the Tee Vee cameras and the living rooms of America are moving as one toward the gaping black hole and hurry up, Ethel, or you'll miss it. I'll pick the kids up after the show. No one knows their part except the family. And they aren't talking. We see Hawaiian shirts and sunglasses. Designer jeans and Dr. Scholl's exercise sandals. Cameras dangling from bloated necks. Someone yawns. The man walks away from the shroud of gardenias with death in his face. Earth falls dully on the casket. Reporters and photographers head back to work.

Just in time for the 11 o'clock news.

(Editor's note-- the preceding story by KATHLEEN WILMS deals with the tragic death of actress Natalie Wood and the even more tragic invasion of privacy and lack of respect offered by the news media in the name of journalism.)

HOW TO WRITE A THEOLOGICAL BOOK:

1. Quote Bonhoeffer exhaustively.
2. Paraphrase Barth.
3. Belabor the obvious.
4. Ignore and exclude the critical.
5. Recite hoary proverbs.
6. Reanalyze the Emmaus Road experience.
7. Use scripture out of context.
8. Clutter your prose with Latin, Greek, German, French, and Hebrew.
9. Expand dead issues.
10. Critique dead cultures.
11. End with a note of optimistic shamanism.

Our thanks to:
David Tracy, Gordon Kauffmann, Donald Bloesch, Mary Daly, Rosemary Radford Ruether, Virgina Mollenkott, Langdon Gilkey, and Francis Schaeffer. You're a million laughs!

CONT FROM PG. 2

being 35 weeks (the same as Field Ed), this would result in an editor's salary of $918.75. Why nearly double the salary? As we've discovered this year, the job takes time, and the editor should be recompensed for it. Most editorial trainees start at nearly double this, and our own fee for professional proofing and copyediting--first fruits of this are being published by Oxford this May--is $7.50 an hour.

If the PTS administration thinks too little work is being given in exchange for this money, the editor could do extra writing or work for the Publications Office. The skills are interchangable.

But working for the administration in any manner necessitates a written job description which beyond its obvious design to delineate the job and expectations guarantees complete editorial autonomy. At present we operate without a written guarantee, an oversight which doesn't need to be repeated. Of course autonomy is never a license to editorial irresponsibility. The laws on libel, slander, character defamation, and copyright violation are pretty specific. And one may assume a certain sense of Christian ethics in a seminarian.

Thus we advocate abolishing the present Publications Board. In its place, by Presidential action, establish a *Viewpoints* Selection Committee, the members of which should be: the present editor, a student and faculty member selected by The Seminary Conference, the Publications Manager, and the Dean of the Seminary, who should be a non-voting member.

First, this group is small in number and thus easy--or at least in theory, easier--to assemble. Second, there is a balance, one faculty, one staff who knows publications and publishing requirements, and two students, at least one of whom knows the requirements involved in putting out *Viewpoints*. In the past most members of the Publications Board had no idea what was required, and selection may have been based more on personality or politics than competency. Third, they will have one specific task, the selection of an editor. At present the Publications Board is amorphous in its specific functions.

Serious complaints, and not just the normal bitchings, grumblings, and gripes could be handled by the Dean of the Seminary. At all times autonomy should be defended and maintained, but we could foresee proper disputes over editorial policies, practices, proceedures, and published materials. The Dean, the editor, and the complaintant(s) could meet together to work out a solution. No such complaint proceedure now exists.

Further, we strongly feel the editorial selection process should be over and done with by April 15. The newly selected editor or editors should then work with the outgoing editor on the final edition of the year. This would save the incoming editor the labors of hunting down the materials, the back issues, and the editor's notes in their many hiding places. We found them this year stored in both the mail room and the Dean's Office, and even now we're faintly suspicious that some items are missing.

Well, we've got work to do: limning out the remaining three issues, collecting information on the *Ratus*, and course work. We'd be glad to meet with Dean Massa, the present Publications Board, and The Seminary Conference to expand, defend, and discuss these suggestions.

J.W.Cejka,III

THANK YOU!

Thanks to....

KLH for taking away Joseph's cigarettes and thus keeping ashes off this typewriter

to the Redy-Made Dossier Co. of--we better not say where--but thanks anyway for your concern and your wonderful creativity!

to Reverend Macleod for his helpful and insightful article. We could all use more guidance of this kind!

Rented Bicycles

two ticket stubs,
remanants of riding
through the park,
negligently lay
on the seat beside me:
with whom did you cycle?

were her eyes as gray
as winter's twilight
with yet a tint of day
that beckoned tonight;
did you look into her small voice
and hear bright nuptial bells
promising to love and obey:
with whom did you cycle?

was she good, shapely clay
molded more warmly than me,
wherein you can lay
seeds of deferred mortality?

so you recreate with her,
she of winter's eye
and melodious voice

pitched, to trouble
my dreams,
low.

--J. Savani

Viewpoints

THE ALL PURPOSE DOSSIER REJECTION FORM

(copyright, 1982; The Viewpoints Vocation Agency, 475 Brown Hall.)

Dear Mr., Mrs., Ms., ?,_____:

(check one)
____Greetings in the name of Jesus.
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____Repent and be saved.
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We read your dossier, believe it or not! It's very: a) humorous, b) spiritual, c) indicative of your need of therapy.

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_____of the _____Church.

March 5, 1982
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THREEPENNY REVIEWS
BY KEN FORBES

Chariots of Fire : ***** Go see this one twice! It is about two runners on the 1924 British Olympic team, one who is an evangelical Christian and another who is Jewish. The story deals with their motives as they go to the Games. The Christian runs to glorify God, while the Jew runs in an attempt to attain identity as a Britisher-- to loose his roots, so to speak. The acting is very believable and the settings authentic. A memorable aspect of this film is the muscial score by Vangelis-- brilliant!!

On Golden Pond: **** A film about aging and the changes in relationships between husband and wife, father and daughter, and boyfriend and father-in-law-to-be. The setting is a beautiful summer home on a lake in New HAmpshire. Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn shine in their roles as the aging couple. Jane Fonda plays their daughter, and does not do as good a job as Doug McKeon, who plays her boyfriend. One asset is Billy Williams' outstanding cinematography, but overall the film suffers somewhat from editing--another 15 minutes to develop Henry's relationship with Jane and it would have been superb. A good show.

Absence of Malice:*** How a newspaper can destroy an innocent person and be used at the same time; not entertaining but interesting, especially the last ten minutes. Paul Newman at his almost-best

Ghost Story:*** A ghost gets revenge on the four men responsible for her death. An average movie that is entertaining and fun.

Ragtime:**** A film about different classes of people who meet and effect each other's lives in engaging and lasting ways during the early 1900's. The acting ranges from fair (Elizabeth McGovern) to superb(James Olson, Howard E. Rollins, and Robert Joy). A well put-together film with a lot to say. James Cagney is fair; Randy Newman's music is beautiful.

Vignettes

We had intended to use this space to publish scathing condemnations of the SGA, the Administration -- in short to do the usual student newspaper number on everyone around here. But, what's the point? Nothing would change; we would all continue being intellectual, "prophetic" *(whatever that is)*, or whatever it is we're trying to be. Some of us seem to be seeking to serve God, some to be serving mammon, and some seem torn between the two. One thing is certain: all of us do both some of the time. Which brings us to the point of this essay, there is an awful lot of gong clanging going on around here, and it takes more than stealing the Alex bell clapper to cure it. Until we're perfected with grace, we'll continue to ring with an uncertain sound.

David Roquemore

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A NIGHT IN THE CRISIS CENTER

-David Lee Jones

Friday, December 11th, was a full moon. As I was driving to Helene Fuld Memorial Hospital to work the graveyard shift (11:00 P.M. - 7:30 A.M.) as a crisis worker, I sensed, intuitively, it was going to be "one of those nights." Being still in training gives comfort in knowing the more weathered counselors are there. On this night, though, both regular counselors didn't come in, and the crisis center was left in the hands of two "green" trainees.

I was pumping myself full of Coca-Cola when the Emergency Room called me down to talk to a young woman who was "acting strangely." She was curled up on the gurney, her eyes rolled up inside their sockets, and her face was smeared with saliva and mucus. A gruff nurse shoved a clipboard and form in my hand and said, "Nothing medically wrong with her -- she comes under your department." The fear on this woman's face was penetrating. She was flailing about the stretcher, speaking so quickly I couldn't understand her. Finally I was able to make out, "he beat me. God why does he beat me like this?" The alcohol on her breath mixed with the smell of the thick mucus was beginning to make me sick, but I placed my head close to hers in order to hear the story she whispered. They were at a party when suddenly her husband erupted and dealt her several stiff blows knocking her to the floor. The next thing she remembered was the stretcher and a nurse's face.

The hospital knew nothing but her name. I agonized over whom to believe -- the nurse or the woman. I believed the woman's story. After about an hour the woman's mother-in-law came and confirmed the beating. This was not the first time this young black woman had been beaten. The mother-in-law told a disheartening story of her son's violent streak. She wept as she disclosed her own feelings of guilt for his actions. "I never raised him like that," she said "I taught him to respect all people. I guess he's just like his daddy. The Lord knows I took my share of beatings -- till I got smart that is."

The woman was not seriously hurt. All the shelters for battered women were full: "no room in the inn." A phone call at 3:30 A.M. awoke a socially concerned Presbyterian minister who agreed to provide emergency shelter for her.

Walking back to the crisis room I saw the line of people waiting to be seen in ER. One man, in his thirties, held his head in his hands. His eyes were severely swollen, obviously from intense crying. I walked on. Ten or fifteen minutes later I walked into the hall to get a drink of water. A pup security guard pointed to him, he was now sitting in the cold vestibule weeping, and said, "If he comes in one more time he's yours."

"What? " I replied.

"If he comes in one more time you've got him!"

"What's his problem?"

"Oh, his wife was murdered tonight."

The words dulled my ears. He must be kidding, I thought.

"You're serious? His wife was murdered? What happened?"

"Someone purposely ran her over. Didn't you hear the code before? That was her dying. His two little kids are out in his truck."

Running over to the weeping man I invited him in to the crisis center. I told the guard to get the kids.

As I saw down to hear the man's story my gut began to twist. The reality of it pierced my heart: My God, this man's wife was murdered! As his story unfolded, the other crisis worker listened in awe. I held his large, strong, hands, hands cracked from the cold. He wept bitterly, and inside I wept too. After a while I went into the hall where two young boys were sitting quietly on a cheap black vinyl couch. The one boy had seen his mother lying bleeding on the street. I invited them in the room, and a saintly old nurse

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

brought them milk and cookies which they animalistically devoured. He cried when he saw his boys. He held them in his arms and wept.

He was an informant for the police and F.B.I. His wife had been beaten by the mob once before, but now she was dead. He pulled a cigarette out, and a BIC lighter -- "This was her lighter," he said as he stared into the transparent plastic. "It's so hard," he said.

"She and I had wrapped some Christmas gifts already. I bought her that T.V. she wanted -- and now she's gone. If only I hadn't gone to the bar to get her her beer -- and she's an alcoholic. If I only hadn't left the house."

The worst part was hearing him tell the boys.

"Brian, Jason, come here to daddy. Jason, do you know where mommy is?"

"She's upstairs," said Jason.

"Jason, Brian, mommy's gone. She won't be coming back -- she's gone. Come here and hold daddy."

The police walked in and interrupted the moment, which was good, because I don't know how much more I could have taken. They escorted him and the boys home and provided him protection. It's too late, I thought to myself; she's dead.

At 6:00 A.M. he left. I stared at the door. My mind didn't want to deal with more grief. When the relief shift came in at 7:00 A.M., refreshed by a night of sleep, they didn't understand my night, or , more importantly, his night or her night.

Putting on my coat in slow motion, I was thinking of his torn and greasy coat. Silently, I walked down the lonely hall brightly lit with irritating flourescent lights. I stood in the vestibule contemplating the sunrise and the sleeping city of Trenton. An Amoco sign swung in the cold wind. The P.A. system of the hospital was playing "Silent Night." As I walked to the car my eyes began to swell, and once safely inside I sobbed.

I came back to my comfortable dorm room and "Silent Night" played in my mind as I lay on my bed praying to God he would give me sleep.

OUR SIXTH ISSUE THANK YOUS:

To Cappie and all the wonderful folks in Dan Thomas' office.

To Brenda, who finally received her official letter of appointment, the lack of which didn't keep her from working for us.

To the Presbyterian Church in the United States whose wonderful ordination examinations kept VIEWPOINTS off the stands for a week or so.

To Atlanta and New York, with a sense of God's humor they sent our dossier to the Wittenburg Door.

To David and Don: better editors we've not had.

THE WEIGHT OF MY INTENTIONS

The bridge I built collapsed
Under the weight of my intentions:
A hasty fabrication.
Desperate to get you--
Be gotten to.
I was careless
When I should have been carefree.
I tried to bridge the future.
When the present would have been enough.
Now the bridge is driftwood
In the stream of unrequited love.

Brad Binau

THE JOURNEY IS OUR HOME: OUR HOME IS:

Some people, like Joseph Cejka, ask, "What the hell is 'The Journey is Our Home'?" Others, more grounded in reality, ask the fundamental question, "What the hell is the Paschal Vigil?"

Actually, both questions are appropriately phrased, since both the Paschal Vigil and The Journey is Our Home have something to do with hell. Hell and the Paschal Vigil mean different things to different people, and the realationship between the two means something quite explicit to those of us responsible for seeing that the Vigil happens. Yet, the Vigil has a lot more to do with Heaven than with Hell, both for you and for us.

Historically, the Paschal Vigil is the oldest form of Christian worship of which we have any record, dating from at least A.D. 130. It is traditionally the time when new believers were baptized, when the whole of "salvation-history" (for those who had OT01: "heilsgeschichte") is remembered in a way that it becomes present, happening now, when the coming of the Light into darkness is celebrated and, not incidentally, we announce the Resurrection of Jesus from the dead.

At Princeton, the Vigil is a colossal festival lasting about four hours (not including the feast afterward), the biggest and most exciting thing we do here all year. The Vigil at Princeton had its start ten years ago and has ever since been the high point of our worship.

"The Journey is Our Home," this year's theme for Lent and Easter, is drawn from the experience of homelessness of the people of the Exodus, of Jesus and of seminarians. Motifs that are involved in that experience are the pillar of cloud and fire that led the Exodus, the Expulsion from the Garden, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, the wandering in the wilderness, the journey toward the Reign of God and the invitation into the Wedding Feast of the Lamb. If you are following the meditations in your devotional booklet for Lent, then you are becoming more acquainted with the meaning of "The Journey is Our Home" than I can describe in this prestigious journal. Do continue on the journey through Lent and join its culmination on April 10; more on the Vigil will be forthcoming in the next issue of Viewpoints.

-Bob Keefer

(The Editor takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Keefer for the slightly slanderous reference. Mr. Keefer is now on a journey with several of the Editor's less than savoury Italian friends. We hope his new overshoes fit. -ed.)

KYRIE

Pity, O Lord, your servants here
and in every station
Who, crying "here am I! Send me!"
Lift wholly twisted hands to thee
without supplication.
Lord, have mercy.

We, servants of the One professed,
with honor unbending
See not the broken, crippled gift
The blemished offering we lift
for service pretending.
Christ, have mercy.

All we held was vainly given
even so, uplifted
Our failing hands confessing, weak
The wholing Spirit healing Seek
to be resurrected.
Lord, have mercy.

Laurie Kraus Starzer
for the season of Lent, 1982

A "MORONIC" NOTE TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

While attending Ohio State last year, I had a professor who liked to collect oxymorons. A few of his favorites were "Young Republicans," "Military Intelligence," and "a college dean with a good idea."

Since coming to Princeton, I have noticed a few oxymorons floating around, but I'm sure there are more that I have not come across. Perhaps you could encourage readers of Viewpoints to share the oxymorons that they encounter. A few that I would offer are: "Department of Practical Theology," "Charismatic Presbyterian," "Free-will Baptist." In the context of Presbyterian homiletics appear the following: "a brief sermon," and the ever present "United Presbyterians."

I suppose some people could get really vicious. You might have to edit oxymorons like "a stimulating lecture in Stuart Hall," "a knowledgeable preceptor," "a seminarian with an open mind," or "a compassionate trustee." I'm sure you can separate the swill from the swell.

I am also sure you can come up with other amusing possibilities, Mr. Editor. Heaven knows we'll only make it through life in the religious community if we don't take ourselves too seriously.

In deep superficiality,
Jeffrey R. Thompson

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT:

King Solomon and David led far from
blameless lives;
They frequently enjoyed themselves with
other fellows' wives.
But as they grew older, they began to
have some qualms;
So Solomon built the temple, and David
wrote the Psalms.

A FIELD GUIDE TO BROWNNOSERS

brownnoser/braun-noz-or/noun/(particularly in an academically intense environment) 1: person who seeks advancement via unethical means 2: one who persists, at any cost, in gaining favor with another 3: a human being acting impudently (found in various degrees).

degree

5th This person is just learning the ropes. He/she may not really be trying to brownnose on purpose, but it sure looks that way. Constant badgering of the professor is a tell-tale sign. Chance of person returning to normalcy: fair

symptoms - asking too many questions; pretending to know what the professor is talking about; being seen with the prof. after hours.

4th This person begins to realize what it takes to be an asswipe. Willing to take the risk, she/he embarks on a campaign of undeniably goody-goody tactics in order to acquire a better rapport with the professor in charge. Chance of person returning to normalcy: Matt. 19:26b (RSV).

symptoms - laughing at a professor's joke for longer than 5 seconds; not only asking too many questions but asking stupid ones; shifting confidently in the classroom chair.

3rd This person seeks to exploit any fellow student to gain an advantage for her/himself. Examples of this are: making fun of another person's comment; repeating another student's observation that the professor has already praised; and the joining in with a professor in condemnation of another student. Chance of returning to normalcy: No bets taken on this one.

symptoms - brownnosing second to none; sitting in the first row; pretending to take copious notes; anxious to go to class on time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

2nd This person can be considered a professional. Without a doubt, she/he will stoop to almost any level for the purpose of self-aggrandizement. Although this person may seem to have the charm of a genuinely thoughtful human being, her/his manners are strictly neanderthal in nature. Words such as courtesy, inquisitive mind, humility, tact, and unselfishness are not to be found in her/his vocabulary. Chance of returning to normalcy: are you kidding?

symptoms - rudeness to other students when a prof. is close by; belaboring a point with a professor for the sole purpose of being recognized; sitting with a professor in a local drinking establishment (i.e. Annex).

1st This person is the king of the hill, top of the heap, scum of the earth. The actions of her/him are nothing less than nauseating. No one can out-think this person in ways of "getting ahead" unethically. Only a fool would try to out-wit a first degree brownnoser. The most terrifying aspect about this person is that she/he is proud to be a brownnoser. Fortunately, you can spot a first degree brownnoser a mile away, so avoidance of this breed is not impossible. Chance of returning to normalcy: none

symptoms - buying drinks for professors at local establishments (i.e. Annex) boasting of theologically related accomplishments (i.e. being related to a former great theologian or church historian); telling the professor in a precept that you thought her/his lecture the other day was brilliant, stimulating and exciting when it was actually poorly researched, dull and ridiculous.

Presented by: Spasticus Academicus

ON CHRISTIAN LEADERSHIP

Everyone who graduates from Princeton Seminary is undoubtedly a great leader. Though the world is sometimes foolishly slow at recognizing our superior training, God must consider us the cream of the crop--the next generation of guides for His people. Right? Not necessarily.

God's dictionary reads differently tha than ours. God defines leaders in His kingdom as servants. He wants people who will recognize His reign as King, and thus will reflect His patience, love and character in all situations. A true leader of God is submitted to God. A true leader of God is one who lets God lead.

So often today we have sin-tinted glasses on as we set our standards of leadership. But God wants none of it. We look for praise from others while God desires that we remain humble and give Him the glory. We strive to earn degrees and titles to be recognized by people, but God will only recognize those who obey Him. We build big monuments -- large churches, flashy sermons, big programs -- but where are the people who will humble themselves under a big God?

Those who are servants of God must without exception be growing in Christian character. I hear arguments for getting this or that person into this or that position because she or he has this or that ability, and I'm getting tired of it! Our church is being led by many "gifted individuals"--but few have godly characters. I fear that we're becoming comfortable in our sin and complacency.

Christian character--purity in thought, word and action (I Tim 3), seem to be underemphasized to the point of neglect among many of today's leaders. They seem blind to the fact that attitudes and lifestyle speak louder than words. If leaders live ungodly lives they are confusing and deceiving those who are searching frantically for God. Is it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

any wonder that Christ reserved His harshest words for the hypocritical religious leaders of His day?

Are you planning to be a servant for the church--a leader with Christian character? We need you. For God's sake and ours, stand firm and help lead the church in her time of need.

- Bill Campbell

BULLETIN INSERTS

(These really appeared in church bulletin bulletins)

This afternoon there will be a meeting in the south and north ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.

Thursday at 5:00 p.m. there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All wishing to become Little Mothers will please meet the Minister in his study.

The service will close with "Little Drops of Water"; one of the men will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.

On Sunday, a special collection will be taken for the defraying of our expense for the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the carpet, please come forward and get a piece of paper.

THROUGH A WINDOW DARKLY

BY FREDERICK CASTIGLIONE

"There is no one more logical than the lunatic, more concerned with the minutiae of cause and effect. Madmen are the greatest reasoners we know, and that trait is one of the accompaniments of their undoing. All their vital processes are shrunken into the mind. What is the one thing they lack that sane persons possess? The ability to be careless to disregard appearances, to relax and laugh at the world. They can't unbend, can't gamble their whole existence, as did Pascal, on a fanciful wager. They can't do what religion has always asked: to believe in a justification of their lives that seems absurd. The neurotic knows better: he or she is the absurd, but nothing else is absurd; it is only 'too true'."

--Ernest Becker, The Denial of Death, 201.

The room was one of those brightly lit lecture halls which sloped downwards in a mock-coliseum fashion, so that the observers could see and hear everything. God, how I loved it! I was at my first conference of the psychiatric society, the membership of which I had lusted after ever since I was an intern. But what I saw and heard that day turned my stomach to it. The subject of the workshop was ironically called "a workshop in human communication."

A rather large man with thinning hair which he pitifully accentuated by swirling it over the bald spot generously coated with some plaster-like hair gel, got up to address the assemblage of men and women who had sworn the Hippocratic Oath. Unfortunately, his voice was not as amusing as his wasp-like features, and his crooked sheepish smile. It is hard to describe that voice; as I recall it was something like an ill-tuned violin and the creaking of two barren branches rubbing together. I remember noting that the man's verbal presentation was, on the whole, quite dull. He rather dispassionately talked to us as if we were slow-learners, accentuating every syllable. He introduced himself while still shuffling his notes.

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"I am Dr. Vorhiese. I know that we are running a bit behind in our schedule. This will be the last case we review this morning. The patient you are about to hear about is a male, thiry years of age and a college graduate. He married in June of 1970 and five years later his wife died in December of 1975. At that time he was temporarily hospitalized for three weeks and in March of 1976 he was rehospitalized and received shock therapy. He was institutionalized in September of 1976 at Fannington of Maryland. In December he was made a ward of the state and was released to us the same month.

"Mr. Amory Blake has been diagnosed as having acute psychosis. He is an interesting study, rarely speaking to anyone unless he receives pentothal. When he speaks he re-enacts his wife's death in a combination of repressed literary images and allusions. We have used him to discover the effects of shock treatment on the human subconscious.

"I know that everyone is eager to meet with Dr. Schnieder of the Rothfinder Institute so we will keep this brief."

When he finished speaking we all politely clapped our hands in benign agreement. Nothing was more boring than listening to someone else's problems. But I swear we were not expecting what was to follow.

The patient, as he was called, was not as tall as Vorhiese. He had that curious, almost haunting, prophetic face so typical of disturbed people. Everyone sat up and seemed alert. Soem put down their styrofoam cups of coffee. The man began as if he were delivering an oracle-- or as if he were about to hear one himself, I cannot tell. But whatever, what he said came from an anguish that no one could understand. He did not speak immediately but persued us with clear grey eyes and began.

"What is the chief end of man? Is it to look out to look out the window again? To gaze upon death and to forever call it life?

"Out there it hurts so much-- that kind of light from yonder window breaks, the window breaks. I can see out the broken window but I don't like the way it feels. So cold. I feel like snow, sad snow and white all over as if it were that day again.

"'Amory", you say, 'tell us what you see?' She's out there. Oh yes, you know it too. 'Anne, don't go. I didn't mean to say those things to you. Anne? Bitch!' He called for his wife and he called for his fife and he called for his fiddlers three. Annie come back here you can't drive in this weather!

"On the apartment steps her shoes squeak as they bruise the snow. 'Oops, don't slip in the snow darling."

"I'm following with my eyes. Close. The snow is falling soft on my eyes. It sticks to my brow; blurry snow kissing me and blowing on. Her skirt is waving a harsh good-bye as it flits and peaks out from under her coat. Can you see her?"

"'Don't touch the car darling, not in this cold grey. It never starts for you the first time anyway.' But it did. Cruel, cruel fate!

"I can see the truck coming down the hill at its break-neck speed. I know it cannot stop. But she can't see it. She was so mad with me that she did not stop to brush the snow from the windows.

"Annie don't pull out!"

"There was no screech of brakes, only the muffled sound of a grinding slide as the truck careened into the car. She did not even hear me banging my hands on the window. And the shattering of the glass that was drowned out by the sound of our car as it transformed into a crumpled pile.

"She's lying out there in the snow. Shylock's frail, frail flesh. And the blood has stained the whiteness. Out, damn spot! But the snow continues to fall in its soft relentless cadence.

"Listen to me!"

And we all knew that the man was addressing us as his eyes filled with tears.

"I loved Ophelia forty-thousand brothers. This sorrow came not as a single spy but in a battalion dressed in winter fatigues. 'Look out the window, you say, 'tell us what you see?' Well I told you!"

No one in the room so much as flinched and the man went on.

"You say that I am the one who is ill. I am sick! You blind fools! How can you say that when she is cold-dead? 'Face the real world.' 'Look out the window', you say. You hypocrites, first pull the sorrowing log out of your own window. You with your shots and your wires, and your little machines. You look out the window. You're the ones who don't see the

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real world. There are more things in my world than are dreamed of in your philosophies."

He did not say another word and his tears stopped too. No one had the courage to move until Vorhiese nervously got up, his smile oddly twisted, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is time to break for our luncheon and our meeting with Dr. Schnieder on symbolic communication."

ON THE FUNCTION AND PURPOSE OF CRITICISM

- Mark "Gala" Atkinson

The announcer begins: "You are looking at the face of one of the most beautiful women of our time." The image on the screen? Bridget? Rachel? Sophia? No, but a cavernous expanse of desolation rather like the floor of the grand hall at Carlsbad Caverns. The face? An infinitesimal slice of Brooke Shields' epidermis magnified 30,000X. But the best is yet to come. Mobile Oil next shows the inside of a carburetor magnified 30,000X, and -- you guessed it-- darned if it don't look a lot like Brooke Shields. I never knew she and a four barrel had that much in common.

This leads to the first of my two points regarding criticism, any criticism. First, the critical tool utilized will define the parameters of the pursued results and can determine the results directly. This is rather self-evident. If you look at Brooke Shields through an electron microscope you get something resembling a carburetor. If you look at her through a 35mm you get goose bumps. If you look at the Bible through historical or scientific (in the strict secular sense of these words) eyes it is impossible to see God at work therein. In other words, if your tool admits only explanations bred from a human perspective then it will reconstruct and alter those facets of the text which are not immediately or easily congruent with human understanding. There are some methods of criticism which, like a polaroid filter, are designed to minimize the glare of divine activity. If you believe all history is explainable by natural causes then you must evaluate NT miracle stories as early church interpolations of Jesus which capture some facets of their understanding of his character. Some critical methods lend themselves more readily to this process than others. Different tools yield different results. As a corallary, the choice of a tool must be appropriate to the task given it.

This has rather devastating repercussions. It means that the historian has less an edge over us than we once assumed. Deciding whether Jesus walked on the water is not so much an historical decision as a reflection of philosophical prejudice. A tool or method must be methodologically appropriate to the task given it. It must be appropriate both for the purpose of the researcher and the nature of the material. Should we read the Bible as any other literature? Yes, and no. We do not read narrative sections as poetry, nor epistles as gospels. We as Christians should utilize critical methods while recognizing they are not catholic. We must know their limitations, not because the Bible is meta-rational, but because these tools are impotent in assisting us in grasping and being grasped by its meaning.

This suggests the second, and more central question: "What is the true function of our method(s)?" Don't read on, think about it. Most of us would reply that the function of our method is to assist us to see what is there, to enable the Bible to speak in all its multifaceted diversity, i.e. to "let the text speak for itself." Actually, I think this is the opposite of the purpose behind our methods. But, you may reply, criticism has brought out the Bible's diversity and, as importantly, freed us from the tyranny of forcing the Biblical materials into the procrustean bed of dogmatic categories.

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This is true. Yet I wonder, is there any functional difference between a Bultmann who rearranges the gospel of John to meet his implicit logical categories and a Dwight D. Pentecost who rearranges the NT to meet his implicit theological categories? They both play cut and paste, one to build a logical mountain and the other to build a theological one. This, however, is secondary to the fact that neither really seeks to let the text speak. They both insist the text genuflect before their method.

Why is this so? I suspect that the true purpose of our methods, be they conservative, liberal, or ecclectic, is to shield us from the text. The last thing we want to hear is the text speaking for itself. M=B.Z. , i.e. Method equals Buffer Zone. Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship has a week long camp they run, called a Mark Study. It is a week of manuscript study (i.e. an RSV copy of Mark typed double spaced and without verse or paragraph markings) of the first eight chapters of Mark. The only legitimate reference tool is a one volume Bible Dictionary to answer factual type issues. For some of the conservative types I.V. ministers to, the temptation, when confronted with some of Mark's more difficult passages, is to run to other parts of the Bible. "Well, Paul says..." "We're not reading Paul. Mark thought his work was complete, what did he mean?" Do we do any different in NT01 precepts? "Well, Jeremias argues..."

I think it is time we demythologize the nature of our academic pursuits. The end result of most of the exercises we learn in the 01's is to strengthen us from ever hearing the text. The real purpose is to teach us to analyze while never actualizing. Expending our energy in the exegetical tedium of seeing what everybody else has said we short circuit the ability of the text to existentially motivate us to action. The only way to "let the text speak" is to live with it like a lover. Rise with it in the morning, ponder it during the day, and go to bed with it at night. Time, this is the key. Time spent in devotions. Time spent in meditation. Time spent in study. Like fine wine or aged scotch, only time brings out its true flavor.

affairs--
brief benighted things
rattled in the falling
pants pocket
keys, lent
except I admit
you more

--an unknown female poet of our century

Viewpoints

*FINAL ISSUE!

"illegitimi non carborundum"

RATUS IX
(666)

Vignettes

Princeton Seminary shall haunt us in a peculiar manner; it's this way with all places and people we love. We've had the beauty of three springs here, and we can not ask for more beauty. Of course, PTS isn't without winters, and one of ours came suddenly last summer. But, we will remember PTS for her springs. And now through the window of 108 we can see the delicate blossoms beginning to bloom and the pinkness of Miller Chapel--with its rose tinted windows--shining in the sun.

And so this is it: our last issue and final "Vignettes." Three years--it did go by, sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly--have come our way. Frankly, we've no wise or witty sayings to import, just a recollecting of some of the best things of Princeton and PTS.

BEST COURSES: speech practicums, *The Person and Work of Christ, The Life and Literature of the Early Church, The Book of Revelation, The Sermon on the Mount, Preaching Seminar, Modern Apologies for the Christian Faith, The Concept of Love, Buddhism, and--you cockroach!--Introduction to Pastoral Care and Counseling.*

BEST TEXTBOOK:

BEST NON-TEXTBOOK: *D'Arconville's Cat* by Alexander Theroux. Warm, witty, wise, well-written, and along with *Sophie's Choice* by William Styron, one of the key works of fiction in my own life as a writer. Usually I give favorite books to friends, but I'm uncertain as to this one. So I leave y'all the title to this challenging bit of work.

BEST THEOLOGICAL WRITERS: Lewis, Buechner, Chesterton, Endo, Carnell, Allen, Kreeft, Sayers, and Howard.

BEST BOOKSTORES: TBA, Micawber's, and the U-Store.

BEST LIBRARIES: Speer's staff and FIrestone's collection--esp. the Dixon Collection of best sellers.

BEST PLACES FOR A DATE: Cafe au Lait, Red Moon Pizza (for Sicilian) and Conti's on Witherspoon (for Neopolitan).

BEST WALK: Down below the Institute.

And to all who are PTS, Thanks...

Joseph

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JOB DESCRIPTION: YOU YOUTH DIRECTOR-HIGH SOCIETY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Scott Janney and Mike Wicks

The Youth Director of the High Society Presbyterian Church:

(1) Must be no older than 25.

(2) Must have at least 10 years experience.

(3) Must be happily married with 2 children. (one boy and one girl)

(4) Must be willing to spend at least 80 hours per week at the church (plus hospital, home and school visitation).

(5) If male, must have a beard and short hair.

(6) If female, must be the epitome of femininity as well as an excellent basketball player and wrestler. (Woman with doctorate preferred.)

(7) Must be able to play at least two instruments: Piano and guitar.

(8) Must sing in both Chancel and Youth Choirs.

(9) Will be directly responsible to: Head pastor, Session, Christian Education Committe, Youth Committee, Parents Advisory Council, and officers of the Youth Fellowship.

The Stewardship Committee is now attempting to raise the funds to sponsor this position. Pay will be negotiated after the position is filled. Housing each week will be provided by a different member of the congregation until a suitable apartment is found.

Submitted by the search committee for the High Society Church,

Soctt Janney and Mike Wicks.

VIEWPOINTS

Viewpoints, I, # 7, April 30, 1982

Viewpoints is a vaguely seditious bit of creativity operating well within the protection of the First Amendment and solely funded by a budget from the Administration of Princeton Theological Seminary. While we make no claims as to harboring good taste or anything representing normal moralities, we do adhere to a calm deftness in matters of clever flashes of humor. Operating as we do in the curious grey zone of alternating realities--as in no one really reads these sorts of foolery--, we do expect the Cosmic Zombies to swoop down any minute now and totally destroy the last traces of any remaining Western Civilization in Anniston, Alabama (pop. 305). Normally this space is used to publish some sort of disclaimer: okay, it don't represent ain't none of our opinions this here stuff unless we sign hit hourselves and even then we probably wouldn't like it no-how, hoo-boy! You write this stuff and itsa your nose they gotta break. Also we normally state our purpose, but as we are publishing our last issue, tough-ski. Oh yeah, wise-em guys, don't leave no more stuff for the editor 'cause he's gonna find himself a job and blow town. That's all folks. Have a nice day.

EDITOR IN CHIEF: *J.W.Cejka,III*
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: *Mr. David A. Roquemore*
POETIC MUSE: *Mr. Donald R. McNair*
Ratus VIII
Ken Forbes, Film Reviewer
Brenda Halbrooks, Typist Extraordinary
Sam Massey, Good Friend
Lindsey E. Arnold, Genesee Distributor
Ludmilla Pavlova, *Editor's Friend*
And a special thanks to:
The Annex; The WCTU--thanks, Girls; The Alchemist and Barrister; Andy's; Red Moon Pizza; Alfred I Dunhill, Ltd.; The Vocations Agency of the UPCUSA; United Airlines; Our Mothers; and all the fun folks who make up PTS; as well as our local Pepsi Cola Distributors.

AS I SEE IT

The Prophetic Voice From the Third World

Where is the country that is so big and powerful, whose founding principles are interpreted in ways that criticise socialism and communism? Where is the Christian Country that sent out missionaries to every corner of the world? There are great shrines and innumerable religions but only a remnant of the populace gathers occasionally to sing and profess the faith. I have been at the Princeton Theological Seminary over three months and all around me I hear cries of sufferings, cries that are more heart ranting than the cries of hunger and suffering in the Third World and the War torn countries.

What are the reasons that makes the cries for equality from the women, the minorities, the unemployed loud and pitiful? Is it because the leaders who call upon the Lord to bless their intentions rather than to reveal God's plans in the government of the people? Is it because the laws contradict and oppose God's law in respect to the consciences and convictions of God's children? Is it because the Big Powerful Country has to be supremem over all the Third World Nations? There are thousands of questions raised when I see the freedom and liberty of this Big Powerful Country are diminishing.

My fellow seminarians put on the armour of God and march forward, starting from Judea, yes, starting from where you are now. Pray without ceasing and renew your strength. Go Tell! Demonstrate God's Love! Remember God is indeed in our world. God speaks to our world. He speaks gently in love and thunder fiercely in judgement. God is at work in our world. He works in and through the lives of His children who are loyal and obedient to Him.

Be of good courage my fellow seminarians! Listen to me; I know what I speak of. I reached for the Lord out of my inner conflicts and He was there to give me strength and courage. I wept in utter frustration over my troubles, and He was near to help and support me. What He has done for me He can do for you. Turn to Him: He will not turn away from you. His loving presence encompasses those who yield to Him. He is with them in the midst of their troubles and conflicts. He meets their emptiness with His abundance and shores up their weakness with His divine power.

God is ever alert to the cries of His children; He feels and bears with them their pains and problems. He is very near to those who suffer and reaches out to help those who are battered down with despair. Even the children of God must experience affliction, but they have a loving God who will keep them and watch over them.

PTS TRUISMS

1) All SGAs are reform SGAs; they start with a bang and end with a slight whimper.

2) Problem students graduate after 3 years. Corollary: student-raised issues are met with passive resistance by the administration.

3) Like God, the endowment and portfolio are untouchable, unknowable, and led by an unseen wisdom.

4) Any paper - regardless of length or topic - will be downgraded because of something not covered.

5) All 01 lectures are interminable in length.

6) There is no efficient, honest, or workable ice cream and coffee slip system

7) The cashiers who don't count trays have the longest lines.

8) Syllabi are mythical creatures. They are not to be believed, trusted or followed.

9) In any given office, the secretary makes the services flow.

10) Everybody reads *Viewpoints;* they all know how to do <u>it</u> (whatever it is) better).

Some fine day that wrecking ball
Will do its work on Tennant Hall

Let the People Sing Alleluia!

Myron rose and stretched his arms. Another day was about to begin; he could tell that from the noise outside. The trucks were already rumbling as they careened around the curve in front of the building. Getting up, Myron thought about how life had changed. When he first came to live in the building, it was a fine old apartment house. Now it was crumbling around him. It seems that no one cares anymore, thought Myron. Myron went about his toilet, as he did every morning. The noise of the old, decaying pipes annoyed him; he knew that one day the water would no longer come out of them. But this morning everything worked. Somehow crisis had been delayed for one more day. It didn't take Myron long to get ready for his day; indeed it never took him too long, for Myron was rather a small person. In fact, Myron was not a person at all. Myron was an ant. And it doesn't take an ant long to wash in the morning. This is fortunate, because it leaves a lot of time for gathering food. And food was getting scarce.

"Where shall I look today?" asked Myron. Foolish question. He always looked in the same places, and always found the same things. Half-empty cans of soda, old cookies, maybe some Dorito crumbs. Not haute cuisine, but enough for Myron. And there was variety--sometimes the fare was quite good. Myron didn't really care, as long as there was something besides Diet Pepsi, a substance which Myron thought of with the same fondness he had for dishwater and motor oil.

So Myron set out on his daily rounds, looking for food. Lately, though, the pickings had been slim. In the apartments where Myron had once found more than enough to keep him fat and happy, there was nothing. The people had vanished. Picked up their books and bagels and gone. Leaving Myron nothing. This was happening more and more recently, and Myron was worried. If everyone left, then Myron might have to do something drastic. Like seek gainful employment. Or move to another building. That thought was intriguing, but where would he go? He couldn't go next door. That building was little better than a roach-infested slum. In fact it was a roach-infested slum. And Myron didn't like roaches. What self-respecting ant does? No, Myron thought, I would rather starve than go South to that place!

Myron set out for the second floor. There was an apartment there that he hadn't visited for almost two weeks. (It's real hard to carry crumbs all the way down from the second floor). His hopes were high as he made the trip up there. Maybe he'd find some real treat there this morning. He knew that if he got there early he could scout last night's crumbs before the tenants got out of bed. And maybe there'd be something exceptional--something from Hoagie Haven, or maybe one of those pastries from the WAWA. Yes, Myron's hopes were high. He had that feeling that today was going to be an extra-ordinary day.

Myron was right about that feeling. It's just that he didn't know exactly how extraordinary it would turn out to be. Myron's life was not really all that exciting. Once or twice something really different had happened, but things had been thoroughly predictable since the time he mistook some pipe tobacco for roast beef sandwhich crumbs. He never forgot the taste of that stuff! But today was to prove even more extraordinary than that.

Myron came out into the room and looked around to see...nothing. They were gone. Not a crumb remained, literally. (Myron always took crumbs literally, and there were none to be seen). Myron wandered around, hoping that in the moving they had dropped something, left behind some morsel for him. But the place was clean. "Bah!" thought Myron, "even the Israelites got manna in the desert! But what is there for a hard-working, honest ant? Nothing!" When Myron got a bit upset he often thought in these kind of Biblical images. It was a habit learned when he was a very young ant; Myron had grown up in a Jewish household. Most of the other ants in the building had been Hindus. This fact had surprised Myron at first, but the others ants explained that the Hindu concept of reincarnation offered them

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

the only acceptable metaphysical foundation. Without it they could never venture out into the dangerous areas and risk being smashed by some human person weilding Walker's History or some other weighty volume. Myron thought this was a lot of nonsense. Hinduism isn't necessary. All an ant needs is a little cunning and forethought. Myron had once had a close call on the desk of some human person while trying to remove a large TastyKake crumb. He had narrowly missed being on the receiving end of Cone's *God of the Oppressed* . This had convinced Myron that an ounce of prevention was worth 1000 pages of theology

Anyway, Myron continued to inspect the empty room on the second floor, hoping to find something that would make his trip worthwhile. His travels carried him up to the window sill, where he paused to view the beautiful front lawn of his building. This was Myron's world, and he loved it. Today, however, he noticed a fleet of those little green trucks out front. Men were getting out armed with hammers and other tools. Myron wondered what was up.

He proceeded along the window sill and down the adjoining wall, thinking that if he looked long enough, surely he would find some food. As he went he thought about those armed men he had seen. Suddenly the door opened and several men entered the room, talking loudly. Myron started to run up the wall. His little legs weren't quite fast enough, however, and Myron was seen by one of the men. There was a swishing noise and then...

The men laughed and talked loudly as they tore down the walls of the building. MOnths later, after the renovation was completed, a nice family of human persons moved in. One night after they got settled in, one of them said, "I understand that there used to be ants in this building. Wonder how they got rid of them."

Myron will never tell.

LAMENT

Eli, Eli, come home from the fields,
For the plowing's done; the earth is rent,
Ah, the skies are troubling; the house
assunder.
Eli, Eli, come home from the fields.
For I'm Godforsaken lonely, and the
balm's all gone.
Eli, Eli, come home from the fields.

J.W.Cejka,III

AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT:

THE PRINCETON WORLD HUNGER RUN...

On Staurday, May 1, at 9 a.m., a group of runners will the leave the PTS Quad for a 10 kilometer run to benefit Oxfam, an international self-help development agency. Oxfam's worthy work began 40 years ago, and is now continued throughout the poorest of Third World countries.

Viewpoints endorses both the run and heartily commends the sponsors of the project. We request as many PTS students as possible participate in any way they can.

IN PRAISE OF PLAGARISM

by Don Thorsen

In grammar school we were first given assignments to write papers. Although the assigned papers only had to be one page long, the prospect seemed indomitable. We had barely begun to learn how to formulate our own ideas much less articulate them. So, with the help of some available resource, perhaps a book or encyclopedia, we muddled through with our assignments, often drawing more upon the book or encyclopedia than our own creativity. As we grew older we weaned ourselves away from a naive reliance upon other resources for our ideas, or else we properly learned how to credit those resources from which we drew our information.

In our Christian lives we have often relied upon resources other than ourselves for the expression of our faith. This is not entirely wrong, for, just as we were once immature in our writing, we were also immature in the understanding and expression of our relationship with God. Oftentimes we needed to rely upon the faith of our parents, friends, church or academic institution to give credence to our Christianity when we could not find it within ourselves. But, as with our writing abilities, our relationships with God must mature as well. As we progress through life we will be able to rely less and less upon other people and institutions to compensate for what must be our own authentic and growing relationships with God. Seen from this perspective, old addages about the importance of personal Bible study, prayer and devotion no longer seem trite (especially to those of us who have returned from years spent away from the spiritual reinforcement of a seminary community).

I praise plagarism for having helped me at a time in life when I anively did not know any better than to do it. I praise those people and institutions in my life who helped to carry and nurture my spiritual life when I naively did not know any better. But now that I -- all of us -- have become men and women, we must put away childish things. We must not rely on people, degrees, position, or institutions to compensate for what only we can be responsible.

MISSISSIPPI

In the aftermath of rage
The river spends itself
With surly slaps
Abreast the muddy bank
And lies, aside,
Stagnant on the floodplain.
Froth stinks and beards flotsam;
Jetsam clinks soddenly in eddies.
Grim fishermen pole their flats
And hook the carp and drowned cat.
And no barge is out.

Don McNair

"Precept Notes"

It is the most annoying voice-- I swear.
Soft-touched, like a day-old balloon
blowing deftly over smooth gravel.
A monotone voice, accentuated with
only half-hearted attempts at pauses
which come as short, sonorous
syllables-- slurred.
I wait in rampant boredom for the next
insignificant statement. Wanting to
curse. By God, to scream!
With resignation I turn my silent
imprecations into irony and listen--
open-mouthed with fascination and
wonder -- interrupted with fits of
staring at the sunshine out the
window.

by Comfortably Anonynous

A LAST LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

I was sorry to hear you announcing the last issue of *Viewpoints* the other day, and asking for writers' contributions. I have really enjoyed reading the unofficial newspaper of the seminary this last year. As you know, I have been sending copies of *Viewpoints* to friends, and they, too, have come to appreciate your wit and the hard work you and the rest of the editorial staff have contributed for our edification.

Feel free to print this letter, if you nedd to fill up space. As you said, they do pay you by the page and I'd hate to see your wife and kids go hungry.

Carol M. Noren

Editor's Note: Blessings on Ms. Noren and all our readers. In the future, all notes may be sent to:

Editor, *Trenton Prison Herald*,
Box 108, Trenton, NJ

REAGAN & THE NUCLEAR ARMS FREEZE

by Bruce Gillette

President Reagan stated in a news conference on March 31st the Soviet Union has "a definite margin of superiority" in nuclear weaponry over the United States. This statement was made in the hopes of lessening the growing popular support for a mutual US-Soviet Nuclear Weapons Freeze.

The proposal is a simple one: "To improve national and international security, the United States and the Soviet Union should stop the nuclear arms race. Specifically, they should adopt a mutual freeze on the testing, production and deployment of nuclear weapons and of missiles and new aircraft designed primarily to deliver nuclear weapons. This is an essential, verifiable first step toward lessening the risk of nuclear war and reducing nuclear arsenals."

If President Reagan is right about the United States' inferiority that might be good reason for opposing a nuclear arms freeze. But Reagan is wrong. The 1982 Volume XI, Number 1, *Defense Monitor*, published by Admiral Gene R. LaRocque's Center for Defense Information makes the following comparisons of US-USSR nuclear weapons strengths:

-"The United States and the Soviet Union have equipped most of their land, sea and air forces with nuclear weapons. Any war between them will very likely be a nuclear war."

-"The U.S. has about 30,000 nuclear weapons, including 'strategic' weapons that can be delivered at long-range and 'tactical' nuclear weapons. The Soviet Union has about 20,000 nuclear weapons."

-"The U.S. can explode about 12,000 nuclear weapons on the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union can explode about 8,000 nuclear weapons on the U.S."

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-"The U.S. constantly maintains about 2,700 nuclear weapons on invulnerable strategic submarines off the coast of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union constantly maintains about 300 nuclear weapons on strategic submarines at sea."

-"The U.S. can deliver about 2,500 nuclear weapons on the Soviet Union from long-range bombers. The Soviet Union can deliver about 300 nuclear weapons on the United States from long-range bombers."

-"70% of Soviet strategic weapons are on land-based missiles that are becoming vulnerable. The U.S. has about 25% of its strategic nuclear weapons on land-based missiles."

These are the facts which contradict what Reagan said. These statistics come from the U.S. Department of Defense which stated in its annual report for fiscal year 1982: "The U.S. and the Soviet Union are roughly equal in strategic nuclear power."

The Reagan administration hopes to scare the American public into supporting its military budget, a budget of over $1.5 trillion in the next five yeras. Rep. James Jones, Chairman of the House Budget Committee, recently observed that if you had spent one million dollars every day since the birth of Jesus, you would have spent in the last 2,000 years ONLY HALF of what the Administration wants to spend for military purposes in the next five yeras.

The arms race must be stopped. The arms race threatens the human race with extinction. Too many people are suffering now because money needed to meet basic human needs is going to support a policy with less and less security for more and more money. Christ calls us to be peacemakers. That call is a necessity because of the realities of the day.

THE DEAD SPARROW

by Frederick Castiglioni

There are moments in life when the passing of time loses its meaning, and in one instant, like the unconscious shutter of the eye, we are whisked back in time to relive a memory. It happened to me, and all my thoughts about how we change from innocence to experience have been challenged. For I have not changed very much and the romantic was right; the child is father of the man.

A blonde haired boy of 4 or so, I stood barefoot in the warm, dusty, sand. I was near the sentinel-like pine tree and the border palmetto which marked and guarded the edge of my world. There was not much grass there, and at 2:00 in the afternoon no shade, but it was a place for a boy to create a world. I might have been playing some imaginary game, or carefully watching the red ants busily racing back and forth in their miniscule city, when I saw the dead sparrow.

It was the most beautiful bird I had ever seen -- for never had I seen one so close. Wide-eyed with wonder and fear I touched it gingerly. It lay on its side like a discarded dishcloth. I turned it over, the bottom, pale grey to white, soft and down-like. The feathers on the back were wider, darker, brindled with russet and siena which overlapped in a delicate mosaic. The wings, limp, were unfurled, revealing moss-brown and gray tipped with pearl. Touching the head so tenderly -- so as not to wake the bird -- I examined the eyes, small bits of staring coal that reflected no light and the beak was strangely open and silent. Cupped in my hands, the feathers stroked by the wind, I wanted it to fly -- to dart in mid-air and perch craftily on the pine branches, cock its head, russel its feathers and mock my inability to do the same. But it lay there like a hibiscus wilted in the heat.

There was a moment then, or was it an eternity, when the sun glared in all its brilliance and denied the mercy of a shadow. In that moment there was only the dead stillness of the sparrow, and life recognized for the first time its enemy and the two stared at one another. Tenderly the bird was placed in a cov-

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ered box with some leaves for food and believing that it could live, I prayed the hardest prayer a child could pray (in faith!) -- that this creature would fly again, would shudder the growing cold and stiffness out of its tiny body and take flight. The box was ceremoniously placed on a stump in the shade and with anticipation the box-top was lifted. The bird had not moved. Then came the tears without sobs, as I knelt over the sparrow they fell like rain that comes quickly and quickly ends.

I spoke words, but I don't know what they were. I grieved for the sparrow there in the heat and the stillness; I grieved though I never saw it fly, for I had touched the sparrow and the sparrow had touched me, and I would never be the same. And I grieved that there was nothing I could do.

Another time (20 years later) I entered a rectangular room bedecked with flowers, multicolored, in various odd arrangements, thick carpet of antique gold, chairs and sofas strategically placed around low-lying coffee tables. I was alone while ladies swished by me in stiff polyester skirts and jackets that had the sound of insects' wings as they rubbed and scratched the tightly stretched nylon epidermis of their legs. The men made their own dronelike noises as they huddled in their small protected phalanxes talking about investments, old times, anything.

In the center of the flowers, a wing on each side, was the cakset. Even though there was the sound of whisperings and murmurings, I was aware of the stillness that grew from within. Slowly, toward the bronze frame in the center my breath squeazed in and out in sudden spurts -- I looked upon the ancient dread and saw my mother motionless in a yellow dress. The room blurred and I floated in an aquarium world of colors and shapes as the tears flooded my eyes. Words came to me from someone behind me, I don't know who, "There was nothing we could do." Of course! Nothing anyone could do for death had stung and prayers were useless and in one moment (or was it an eternity) I felt the presence of the sparrow.

A NOTABLE QOUTE: OF SORTS

"The gospel was available to all men without regard to sex."

Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible, IV, p. 867.

--good to know virgins and eunuchs are included here, huh? ed.

P.S.: Thanks to Sarah Hensler who pointed this out to us.

Ronald Reagan was given a "Humanitarian of the Year" Award recently. Seems that either the award is meaningless, or that Uncle Ronnie owes us one year of Humanity.

CONSERVA ME, DOMINE

Western zephyr, sunset-sailing Christ,
Storm! Cleave from me
this sea-sunk world
That barnacles my feet, my thighs;
And ice, it freezes and it binds.
Not merely melt, sublime me,
Gas my flesh to spirit, save me!
Or slow flow and salt water, tears,
Spring back noon and all high heat;
Spare me night and bloodless cold.

Don McNair

THE DOCTRINE OF THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE: A PROBLEM OF METHODOLOGY

by Professor Bruce M. Metzger

Reprinted from *Viewpoint*, 15, #9, April 10, 1978.

After reading Daniel Deaton's article on Inerrancy (*Viewpoint*, February 6) and Mike Arges' interview with Professor Froehlich on the same subject (*Viewpoint*, March 13), it seemed to me that the proper approach, at least for a Protestant, is to inquire what the Bible itself says about its inspiration. As a Protestant, I do not hold to any doctrine which has no support in Scripture. For example, I do not think that it is correct to say, with Roman Catholics, that since it would not have been fitting or appropriate for God to allow the Virgin Mary to see corruption after death, therefore we believe that Mary, having completed her earthly life, was in body and soul assumed into heavenly glory. Because I find no exegetical basis for this in the Bible, I reject the dogma, promulgated in 1950, of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In the same way, I do not think that I should begin with ideas of what kind of Bible it would have been fitting or appropriate for God to inspire. The Protestant methodology in the formulation of all doctrines, including the doctrine of the inspiration of Scripture, is to begin with what the Bible itself says about the subject. Now, I do not find any proof-text in the Bible that teaches that the Bible is inerrant, though I find many that teach that it is infallible. The two words, which in some respects are synonymous, mean, respectively, "without error" and "absolutely trustworthy." They are appropriately used for different realms of discourse; for example, one for mathematics and the other side for religion.

Frequently the statement that "not jot or title shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled" (Matt. 5:18) is used to support the view that the Bible is inerrant. Actually, however, this verse speaks of the permanence of the Mosaic law and has nothing to do with the question of inerrancy. If some Protestants wish to believe that the Bible is without error, that is their privilege; but in this respect they adopt the methodology of Roman Catholics and go beyond what is actually taught by the Scriptures themselves. This is the point made at the close of the last century by a distinguished Scottish historian of the Reformation, Thomas M. Lindsay, in the "The Doctrine of Scripture: The Reformers and the Princeton School" (1895).

For support and discussion of the implications of my view that the Bible is the only infallible rule of faith and life (that is, that the Bible is absolutely trustworthy in all that it teaches regarding theology and ethics), though at the risk of being considered immodest, I should like to quote part of the article I was invited to prepare on the subject of "Inspiration" for the one-volume Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, edited by F.C. Grant and H.H. Rowley (New York, 1963):

"The noun 'inspiration,' which is absent from the RSV, appears twice in the AV. One of these passages (Job 32:8) declares that it is by divine inspiration that mankind receives the capacity to discern what is right. The other passage (II. Tim. 3:16), which makes an important predication regarding Scripture, is translated variously: AV, 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness"; RV and ASV, 'Every Scripture inspired of God is also profitable...'; NEB, 'Every inspired Scripture has its use for teaching..'; RSV, 'All Scripture is inspired by God and profitable for teaching...'

Here scripture (which in the context refers to the OT) is characterized as theopneustic (literally God-breathed), that is, the product of the creative breath of God. The emphasis falls upon the first part of the Greek compound, "God-inspired," calling attention to the divine source of the authority of the OT. As God had breathed into human nostrils the breath of life (Gen. 2:7; cf. Ps. 33:6), so God has breathed life-giving truth into the Jewish Scriptures.

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Nothing is said of how God inspired these writings; the author is concerned only to state the fact of inspiration makes them profitable for religious purposes.

In accord with the implications of this classical passage, Jesus Christ and his apostles are consistently represented as recognizing the OT to be trustworthy history, true doctrine, and sure prophecy. Thus, Jesus acknowledges the authority of the prophets (Lk. 24:25), states that the Holy Spirit had inspired David (Mk. 12:36), and more than once bases arguments on the presupposition that Scripture cannot be broken (Matt. 26:54; Lk. 22:37; Jn. 10:35). In a similar vein Peter (in Acts 1:16), James (Jas. 4:5), Stephen (in Acts 7:38), and Paul (Rom. 3:2) refer explicitly or implicitly to the OT as oracles of God which cannot be set aside. Even among the formulas with which NT authors introduce their quotations from the OT, several (e.g. "It is written," "It says," "Scripture says," and "God (or, he) says") indicate their high view of the authority of what is quoted. In fact, occasionally the last-mentioned formula is used to introduce words which are not ascribed to God in the OT passages, but are spoken of or even addressed to God and can be considered God's words only because they are part of the Scripture text (e.g. Matt. 19:5; Acts 4:24 f.; 13:34 f.; Heb. 1:6-10; 4:4).

The doctrine of the inspiration of the NT grows out of the promise of Christ to his disciples that the Holy Spirit, whom the "Father" would send in his name, would teach them all things, and bring to their remembrance all that he had said to them (Jn. 14:26; cf. 16:13). The inspiration of Christ's own words is implied in his claim to be alone in knowing and revealing the "Father" (Mt. 11:27), and in his placing his own statements on a par with, or in some cases above, the revealed will of God in the OT (e.g. Mt. 5:31-44). In performing their work of proclaiming the Gospel, the apostolic authors are confident that they do so through the Holy Spirit (I Pet. 1:12), to whom they attribute the content of their teaching (I Cor. 2:13). Therefore, as spokespeople for God (I Cor. 7:40; I Thes. 2:13), they issue commands with the completest authority (I Thes. 4:2; 15; II Thes. 3:6, 12), and even make it the test of whether one has the Spirit that he or she should acknowledge that what they write are commandments of God (I Cor. 14:37). On the other hand, the fact that NT writers occasionally quoted an OT passage out of its context (e.g. Mt. 2:15 quoting Hosea 11:1) or altered its phrasing (e.g. Heb. 10:5-7 quoting Plalm 40:6-8) shows that they did not consider themselves bound by the literal form of the OT statement, but regarded their own interpretation to be a justifiable modification and/or application of the author's original meaning.

Throughout the history of the Church many theories of the nature and mode of inspiration have been elaborated. These have ranged from a theory of dictation which leaves no room for human effort and tends to overlook the stylistic idiosyncrasies of the several authors, making of them mere auotmata, to theories of varying degrees and kinds of inspiration, sometimes involving scarcely more than a general illumination and superintendence of God's Spirit. Amid all discussions of inspiration, it must not be overlooked that the primary question related to the category of revelation is whether God has spoken. Only when it is acknowledge that God has disclosed "his" will is it meaningful to formulate a theory of how the authors of Scripture were inspired. Whatever the formulation (verbal, plenary, dynamic, etc.), it is hard to conceive of an inspiration that does not pertain to the words of Scripture -- for thought of necessity is expressed in words. That this, however, does not imply a mechanical, literalistic interpretation is evident from a consideration of, for example, the presence of divergent reports of sayings of Jesus in the Gospels. Not only in different Gospels (e.g. Mk. 10:17ff. and Mt. 19:16 ff.; Mt. 6:11 ff. and Lk. 11:2 ff.) but even within the same Gospel (e.g. Jn. 3:3 and 7; 8:51 and 52; 13:10 and 11) Jesus' words are found to vary in phraseology, though the idea conveyed in these divergent forms is usually the same. Furthermore, theories of inspiration must take account of the presence of occasional imperfections in the Bible as regards both style and statement. (Fortunately the religious

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conviction that the Scriptures are the only infallible rule of faith and life does not depend upon their formal inerrancy, otherwise no translation could be satisfactory). Nor is it permissible to declare a priori what forms of literature it is appropriate for God to inspire; e.g., that he could inspire history, poetry, epistles, and prophecy to reveal his redemptive purpose, but not fold-sagas, legends, or myths. Such matters are to be determined inductively from the Scriptures themselves, not deductively from dogmatic presuppositions. A satisfying theory of inspiration will recognize that in the Scriptures omnia ex Deo, omnia ex moninibus ("all things are from God; all things are from human beings"), and that in some respects the relation of the human and the divine in the written Word is analogous to the Incarnation of the living Word in human flesh. The testimony of the Church universal has been that the Bible is inspired; that, having been produced by the effectual guidance of the Holy Spirit, it perfectly embodies the divine revelation of God's saving will and work.

This article by Dr. Metzger was one art of a series requested by an earlier IEWPOINT staff.--ed.

VENUS DE MILO

Chinks plink and blink and fly
Past the eye of him
Who fashions passion
Out of stone
And steps back
With a moan and groan
To see the woman molded
In the marble there,
Fair and white,
And every bite of chisel
Whittles movement into arms,
Perfection of embrace.

Don McNair

The Faintest Glimpse

The Body of Christ
Breathes around us
Whispering, heaving,
Exchanging.

Beneath,
A bedrock of joy
In glacier flow
Rages.

Opening into boundless
Expanses above,
Melodies dart
Louder, softer
Than senses can bear.

Living harmony
Resuscitates,
Intertwines,
Overwhelms awareness.

Vouchsafe O Lord
To defend us this day
From thy terrible fullness,
From the awful weight of the real
That would crush us
Unless thou remain ever thyself
Toward thy creation.

Gerrit Dawson

TELEVISION AT PTS

Princeton Theological Seminary will begin full-time broadcasting on its new television station, WPTS-TV, in the next few weeks. Yes, BB, the electronic church has finally arrived! Here are some highlights from the upcoming season:

Search for Tomorrow: adventure drama. Two guys search for the eschaton. Stars Hal Lindsey and Dan Migliore.
The Young and the Godless: intimate look at dormitory life. A hot one!
House Calls: Seminarians on patrol. Two dumb guys on a mission from God.
Priceton Talks: Talk show, with Bill Brower. This episode: "There is nothing like a dame!" Women speak to contemporary issues.
Ecumenical Follies: Dr. McCord hosts a look at the Church Universal. This week Dr. Macleod steps in to lead the PTS Liturgical Dance Group through a few interpretive exercises in Reformed worship. We'll want to "join together" for that one!
666: numerology as a frontier for theology. This week's guest is Oral Roberts, an expert on the Big Number$ Game.
Mr. Cullen's Neighborhood: Join our friend Mr. Cullen on a tour through the neighborhood in search of Polly Participle.
Space Trek: David Willis and the USS Exegesis on a five year mission through four languages to find truth among the stars.
Lost in Space: Arlo D-2 reports from Dubuque.
Job Man Caravan: The Job Man, Joseph Cejka, helps you find a job. Opportunities include selling insurance and work in a babysitting service. Can you say "Field Ed."?
The Library Affair: a who-done-it series. Brilliant investigators try to figure out who wrote all the stupid comments in the margins of the books in Speer.
Palace: A spin-off of those Texas millionaire soap operas. Set in the Bahamas, this one gives a look at the lives and loves of the rich and board.
The Greatest Story Ever Told: That old classic describing the rise of critical scholarship in 19th century Germany.
Critics Corner: Bob Keefer comments on student sermons. He's at home in this journey. Join in as he ignores Cejka's pornographic excuse for a sermon on Song of Songs.
Alternatives: A look at nonconformists everywhere. This week Lindsey Arnold argues a veteran's perspective on a theology of Oppression and Greed.

FINAL ISSUE THANK-YOUS

To David and Don: for being superb editors, genial sorts, and putting up with a year of madness.
To ALL OUR CONTRIBUTORS!
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To The Publications Board, Conrad David, Karen, James, and Jackie: for entrusting me with this for the year.
And to James I. McCord, who with Ratus VIII, appointed me to the work at hand.

Let it be at last; give over words and sighing; vainly were all things said.

Ernest Dowson, *"Venite Descendamus"*

MESSIAH ANSWERS

(Matthew 17:17)

Stop calling me, since I hear you no more.
I went first stubborn when
you chained me with stiff mindbound creeds;
with words to shield you, your new needs
left me outside as in
your lust for power you lost the slaves, the poor.

Stop calling me; your prayers churn in my gut
when I think back to wars
of thought and wars of sword; each kill,
each convert, seared my ears until
I hid my five hard scars
in flesh you missed, in bodies your greed bought.

Stop calling me! How could I hear when with
each sect I bled beyond
your narrowed gates of grace? For gold,
for glory, you raped me; you sold
me with each plot of ground
where banks like churches choked off my tired breath.

Stop calling me; rest, with your hearts, in hell.
Each corpse you crushed was mine;
my ears hang deaf now, though I move
where torn lives rise in rage and love.
Damn your prayers! Point that whine
toward your true lord, who hears, who serves you well.

-(c1982 by Laurence Lee Olson)-

SENIOR DREAMS

A SHORT STORY BY JOSEPH CEJKA

The year Jean Shaw was elected moderator of the General Assembly of the still unreunioned United Presbyterian Church I recovered, slowly, from a second heart attack. I then saw Peter, my son, and Christian, my daughter, leave with my wife Louisa who set out fo find future fame and fortune as a writer. And I entered a monastery. All of this in my 42nd year of life. All of this within 14 years of graduation. I wouldn't be writing this, but someone in Public Relations at PTS asked I give tell of my life. After all, one just doesn't resign from the Board of the Seminary, leave the Permanent Judicial Commission of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and renounce one's ministry as pastor of a growing church without accounting to someone.

So here I am, back at the typewriter. Brother Nathaniel has just rung the bell for the morning's silence to begin. And silence reigns, at least verbal silence. If I shut off the Selectric, and lean close to the window, I can hear Father Louis potting his plants in the courtyard, hear Brother Michael tuning his motorcycle--ah ha, a dropped wrench and a stifled curse--, and hear the slow tread, uneven shuffle of Father William as he totters off to die in some corner of the library, there to be found later today. One of the novitiates will resurrect him intime for lunch, but he'll join Lazarus once again before dinner.

Ah life, ah accountability. Why am I reminded of the Scrivener? Ah, Bartelby. Ah, humanity. Ah, Cejka. Ah, sweet, dear, wherever. Whomever. I entered the Holy Spirit Monastery here in Georgia because I needed a year to think and write. This'll be my third book, and I hope the last in the Bloodbought Trilogy, which is my sage of man's life in a new galactic empire. As Science Fiction or Speculative Fiction, whichever, goes, it's pretty popular. I even got Lindsey Arnold Bishop of Seattle, to write the Intro to the second volume. He muddled about with some sort of claptrap of how I'd tapped both the imagination and the mind's region of faith and reason. Didn't say he liked it, though. I sent him a bottle of Jameson's and a note wishing him well.

Back to the point, however. I'm here and not in the French Foreign Legion, only because I want to sorrow and not to die. I'd been out of the hospital sixteen weeks when Louisa walked into my study and said, "Goodbye. You're killing yourself with writing, preaching, and every extracurricular activity in the world. I've done my crying, and none of my tears are gonna fall on your casket."

A week later, seven and a half packs of cigarettes by actual count, she left. Peter came up and hugged me and cried. Christian just bit her lip and glared. And Louisa, as silent as she'd been for the past series of full ashtrays and notes explaining why I'd be late at the office, loaded them into the Volvo and puttered off, slowly, safely, and with a certain direction.

For three very dark days, I cried. The cigarettes disappeared just about the time I found enough strength to read my resignation to the Session. After putting my stuff in storage, and drafting and mailing the requisite notes of regret at my leaving various responsibilities, I called upon the Abbot here and asked for the return of a favor.

He's a very wise man; he didn't ask me any questions. In fact, he named me Brother Thomas. As he said, "You doubt only yourself, but in you, God lives. Look for his nailprints in your hands, and wait for the stab of his lance in your heart. Then, and both are really one experience, see his crown of thorns on others. You're human, but he's within you."

So I'm here. I'd made the senior dreams, I even wrote for the last issue of *The Wittenberg Door*. I had pastored a goodly sized church, and administered a sizeable endowment--so impressed Conrad Massa with it, he'd made me the presidentially appointed member of the Board of Trustees--, and , just three years ago, made it to the PJC of the PCUS. There I did what I love to do--read and argue. To think, I collapsed on the floor of GA while in the middle of defending a one year rule for candidacy. As my heart went into seizure, and as my eyes saw only the bright stadium-style lighting

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above, I could hear the obituaries, "He died as he'd lived, arguing for one damn fool thing after another."

Rapid care, skilled surgery, and Louisa's prayers and tears brought me back. I came back to too many hours, too many cigarettes, too many fulfilled dreams. The days grew longer in hours away from home, hearth, and loved ones.

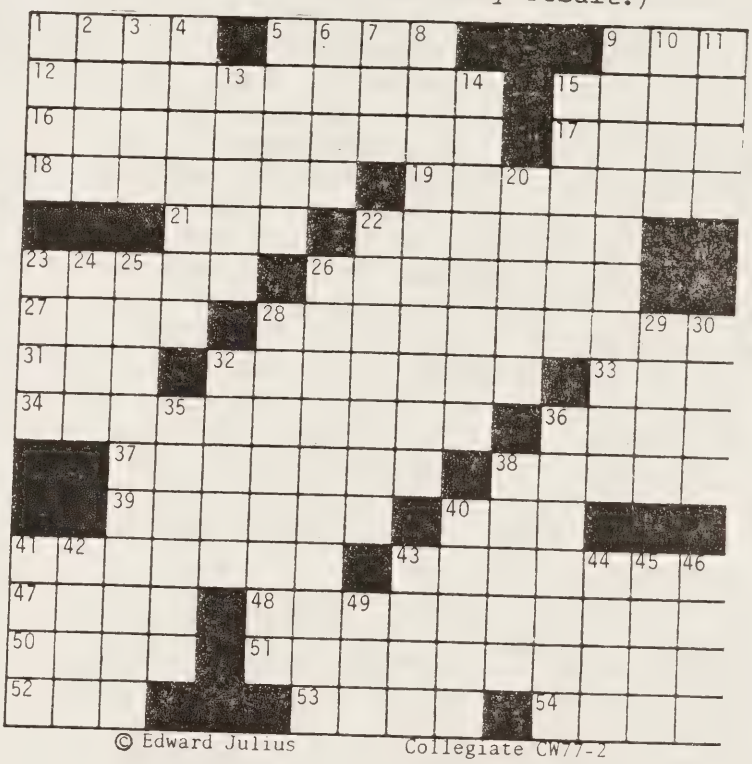
And now this. Brother Valentine-- and I still fill my days with people, seemingly afraid to wait in the great silence-- was telling me yesterday of memories and their transmutation into the matter of heaven. Even now there are few things I can willingly call forth from the depths: Louisa's Isle of Skye eyes, Peter's quiet certainty when he solves some math problem designed for one years older than he is, and Christian's voice as she reads to me in my study a child's tale which is more than the world to her.

As I was thrashing through my possessions-- discarding this, saving that, all piles: left and right--, I came across my senior picture. All we stood in fine array, sons and daughters. I don't know what happened to many of my classmates. For a while I'd check the back pages of the *Alumni News*, or idly glance down the lists in *Monday Morning*. After a while the names grew together, and the faces in the *Fundy Finder* didn't represent places and times together, only a static staring besides addresses long since vacated and phones which answer to different names. Are we the stuff of heaven? Is now the time to build for celestial reunion? Maybe heaven is the conscious recalling of faces and people when there are no limits of time. Socrates might have hit it on the button: death is the long sleep, and heaven is the dreams. Or at least this is the addendum et corrigendum of Christianity.

This is what became of me: a divorce-- tried far too hastily in the heat of moments within my first parish--, a fine second marriage-- but now separated--, a career on the rise-- but, ah, yes, the journal now, now halted for a breather in the silence of a Georgia December's sun--, a future truncated for a vision to ease my soul while my heart slowly falls.

The wind blows gentle ripples across the water of the pond; the same wind rustles the papers on my desk. Maybe I'll walk away from this, too, and walk down to the waters and wait for the breeze to blow once again. Brother Michael's dropped the wrench again; there is no silence to be disturbed. There is only a sleep to be awakened from and dreams to be sought.

(N.B.: I disclaim any responsibility for any verisimilitude which may result.)



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ACROSS

1 Movie mogul Marcus ——
5 Heroic tale
9 Song syllable
12 The state of being undamaged
15 Pal
16 Its capital is Dacca
17 Nobel chemist
18 The art of putting on plays
19 Pearson and Maddox
21 —— Vegas
22 Drink to excess
23 —— Hiss
26 Italian painter
27 Screenwriter Anita ——
28 Devilishly sly
31 Decline
32 Devices for refining flour
33 Teachers organization
34 Shore protectors (2 wds.)
36 Machine part
37 Type of music
38 Doesn't eat
39 The Sunflower State
40 Part of APB, to police
41 All-too common excuse (2 wds.)
43 Short opera solo
47 Grotto
48 Part of the hand
50 Made do
51 Prevents
52 —— Alte
53 U.S. caricaturist
54 Farm storage place

DOWN

1 Conservatives' foes, for short
2 Go —— length (ramble)
3 Famous volcano
4 Moves jerkily
5 Hollywood populace
6 Sheriff Taylor
7 "Golly"
8 —— as an eel
9 Size of some want-ads (2 wds.)
10 Regretful one
11 Vanderbilt and Lowell
13 Acquit
14 "The Lord is My ——..."
15 Veal ——
20 Extends across
22 Turkic tribesmen
23 Mr. Guinness
24 Spanish for wolf
25 Retrace (3 wds.)
26 Disproof
28 Ends, as a broadcast (2 wds.)
29 Like Felix Unger
30 Head inventory
32 Hurt or cheated
35 Glided
36 Lead minerals
38 Coquette
40 Take —— (pause)
41 Finished a cake
42 Football trick
43 "Rock of ——"
44 Anklebones
45 Work with soil
46 Too
49 New Deal organization

An Editorial Opinion--

FIX THE MIKE!

Ok folks, this has gone far enough! It's time for the rabble to rise and to protest the circus that now accompanies our meals. We refer, of course, to the manner in which announcements are made in the dining hall. But here we aren't going to complain about the fact that those daring to interrupt our meals often face incredible hostility. And we will ignore the fact that most announcements are poorly executed, incoherent, too long, etc. (Makes you wonder what some local worship services must be like!) But these things are beside the point. What we are here protesting is that no one is able to hear the announcements which are given. FIX THE MIKE! Why must we be continually subjected to voices shouting and straining to be heard over the din of table talk and pimentos? Not even the fine training of the Speech Department prepares a voice for this abuse. That mike needs to be fixed if we are to rely on verbal announcements in the future.

It shouldn't be difficult to find a little money for a new mike at the richest seminary in the world. Surely, with an endowment as large as ours must be, there is money for a new microphone. Even a cheap one. But this is not what campus money is spent on, it seems. And you never know when you may need to install a new tree in front of Alex. We at VIEWPOINTS offer a suggestion: Buy a new mike and Plant the trees; they'll grow.

Or perhaps we should look to the SGA for help. After all, they spend lots of time raising money; maybe they have some for us. Or maybe we could all get together and form an organization: Students for Amplification in the Cafeteria. Then we could petition the Stewardship Committee for some of their money. There's got to be a way that something can be done so that we can have our announcements and eat in peace, too.

Just don't dip into the Tennent Renovation Fund. Myron wouldn't like that!

David Roquemore

THE PEDDLER

"I noticed you were selling
something, sir."
"Yes. Would you care to buy?"
"I do not know what you
are offering."
"Wisdom."
"You sell Wisdom?"
"Oh, yes, in all sizes, colors,
fragrances...."
"I will take as much as I
can afford."
"Fine; now do you want
a small mistake or a large mistake
in love, business, or my favorite,
judgement?"
"No, I have no desire to purchase
mistakes; I want Wisdom."
"Ah, but mistakes are Wisdom
if one uses them properly.
If we savor the bitterness of
a mistake instead of immediately
swallowing, the taste will become
the sweetness of Wisdom, and
Knowledge is obtained."
"And the price?"
"Wisdom is sometimes expensive."
"I'm wealthy with time. I'll
have a large mistake in love."
"Love's mistake is painful
but I am in great demand for it.
You must remember you cannot
return it and there is no refund."
"Yes, I know."
"Good luck; you will discover
Wisdom is worth the price."

Cynthia Ray Olson

RATIONALE

Rats, Rats, Rats! They seem to be almost as numerous as the roaches in South Hall, at least if you examine the History of Hodge Hall. And that is what we intend to do. We managed to find a couple of photos of the original Ratus, as well as some accounts of the Rats' glorious history. Here it is, a partial but true account of how the basement of Hodge came to bear this signature. Now it can be told-- did J.I. McCord *really* paint all those rats?

THE GREAT RAT PARADIGM

By J. Randall Nichols

(Reprinted from *Viewpoint*, 15, #8, March 13, 1978)

(Dr. Nichols is Director of the Doctor of Ministry program, and Lecturer in Theology and Communication. In his PTS student days he was Editor of *Viewpoint*, *Wineskin*, and *Dimension*, and author of such inflammatory classics as "Life with a Lame Duck Faculty" and "The Tintinabulum Absconditum, or For Whom the Bell Stole." He may or may not have since been forgiven.)

Owing, no doubt, to my interest in communication and the symbolic process, the editors have asked me to write a brief scholarly comment on the Great Rat tradition, whose supposed demise Paul Rorem laments later in these pages. I confess to at least an avuncular interest in the Rat (leaving aside, for now, which generation). I was a student living in Hodge Hall the night the Great Rat first appeared, which I suppose puts me as close to the roots of things as if I had orange paint on my hands. Several rats came and went between my leaving Princeton for parish ministry and my return three years ago. It has been a fascinating and nostalgic opportunity to watch, time-lapse, a tradition grow. That is what I want to talk about.

For we have a paradigm on the loose here, whether of rats, biblical texts, or the church itself, and we ignore it at our peril. A few words of history to begin.

The Great Rat was what you might call a low-level protest movement founded one dark night by some marginally literate students who had been, well, reflecting on things. The "cause" which got attached to the "be", I have it on good authority, had to do with strange gnawing sounds in the walls of Hodge, which had begun to awaken one particularly contentious seminarian every night. He was and is not known to be an immediately cheerful waker-upper. All efforts to move the administration to exterminative action having failed, the matter was, so to speak, moved to the realm of the symbolic.

The original color was orange (Sherwin-Williams "Bonfire," if I recall) and the caption was English (the Latin for "rat" is not "rattus" but "mus," which seemed completely infra dig). No representational significance was intended; considering the condition of the artists, perhaps none was even possible. Its style was archaic, a perfectly unpretentious rat. Footprints led to a painted hole in the wall, which was as far as the parabolic significance got.

Reactions the next morning were mixed. The late Tom Brian, then Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, who was quite positive the Rat represented him, took umbrage. In time he was calmed and actually came to like the beast. The Rat seemed to have a soothing effect on campus, and it is reported that the gnawing sounds which started it all soon ceased. It is also reported that the perpetrators graduated and got married.

Over the months and years the Great Rat wore down, of course, and the tradition had to open new chapters. But notice what happened. Soon the original archaic simplicity was embellished with realism and artistry; the monochrome orange gave way to different colors, and high church Latin replaced koine English. Letters were added suggesting that the Rat <u>was</u> somebody, a not very kind imputation at the least. As Paul Rorem has correctly pointed out, the low level protest became an institution; the latest Rat was painted not in the dead of night but painstakingly over a long period in broad daylight. He (or she) even picked

up an ideology along the way, something quite far removed from the original.

Word has it that technical consultation on the best-wearing paint was had from administrative folks who know about such things, and that a line item in someone's budget appeared to take care of materials. Embellishment, allegorization, ideology, immunity from persecution, and institutionalization -- the traditional fate of gospels, churches, and Rats. A paradigm is loose all right, the originating experience is long gone.

At risk of being thought pre-senile, let me indulge in a line of nostalgia. The protest of the Great Rat was carried in the fruitbasket of the 1960's -- civil rights, Viet Nam, the whole lot. We were intense, naive, often wrong, and frequently a damned nuisance to ourselves and everybody else. But on the whole, I believe we were neighter prim nor self-righteous. I miss that today. Behind the ideological smokescreen there was some sort of foundational concern for persons which, however, managed to avoid both pietism and prurience. From what I see now I worry that the paradigm of protest has shifted far too much, even, God help us, in the name of faithfulness or moral concern. The evil we do in the name of good...

I do have this epilogue for the saga, however. Some Hodge residents will remember Eddie McCloskey, the janitor who retired a year ago after about 102 years of faithful, ho-de-do service. Shortly after I returned to Princeton to take up office space in Hodge three years ago, I had a chat with Eddie, as he smoked a cigarette gazing out the basement window of Hodge (the same position in which I had last seen him five years before, come to think of it). We got to reminiscing. "You know, I never told you," he said, "about what happened the morning the Great Rat appeared. Tom Brian thought it was supposed to be him, and went on a rampage. He had all the maids and janitors search every room on campus for a can of orange paint." Pause, puff, stare. He looked me in the eye, twinkling. "Well, of course I found it," he said. "But I never told a soul."

I miss Eddie. That's what the rat was about.

Paul Rorem's article is reprinted from the same Viewpoint as Randy Nichols. Thank God for easy going copyright laws and their permission to reprint.

RATUS REDUX

by Paul Rorem

The many facets of Hodge Hall's Ratus may reveal more about us than we care to admit. One of them, his gradual domestication since 1968, is our own.

Well after midnight ten long years ago, Ratus II carried on where the original Great Rat had been drowned in gray paint a few days before. Accompanying this firstborn was that ungrammatical expression so familiar to fraternity bars, "Illegitimi non carborundum." Perhaps grounded in "Ab illegitimis non carborundum," oral tradition allows only one translation: "Don't let the bastards get you down." No one in those years doubted that the referent was the institutional side of our common life.

I arrived in 1970 when Ratus III still resembled an ugly rat and most of his Hodge neighbors endorsed this graphic thumb of the student nose at the establishment. After all, in those protest days when we barricaded the Trustees into their Speer conference room, no one took offense at such a playfully anti-institutional symbol as Ratus.

But as the seventies grayed, various coats of paint witnessed a slow taming of the rat. Cute smiles and benign postures replaced the aggressive smirk that once was Ratus. Then last spring, the Ratus tradition was irrevocably shattered. Instead of surreptitiously renewing Ratus after an official gray cover-up, some students asked permission to paint over Ratus VI. Their artful replacement, now institutionally blessed and funded by the rodent's original antagonists, bears a primly polychrome resemblence to Mickey Mouse in academic drag. To complete this collapse from counter-cultural message to cute mascot, Ratus VII T-shirts were sold as symbols of the institution!

Those who cherished the tradition were tempted to deface this aberration as obscenely as possible. But Ratus must go his domesticated way, serving a pet's

function in our midst. Instead Rata I made her debut, peering out from an intramural lair at her co-opted predecessor. Accompanying Rata I was the last issue of *Voices in the Wilderness*, consisting of a brief Latin article by one P. Fremitus. After delicate intrapersonal negotiations with Fremitus, I offer this free but authorized translation:

A SIGN OF THE TIMES

Because he was born of Ratus VI and the administration, Ratus VII is himself a bastard. Indeed a good old tradition doesn't die, but it always degenerates.

Farewell, Ratus! The Bastards have already got you down. May you rest in peace.

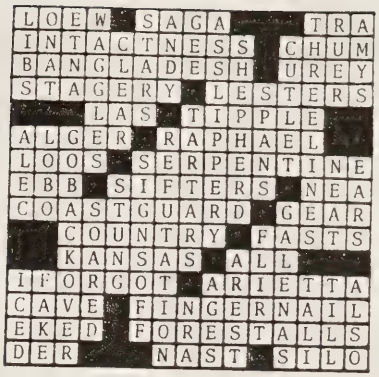
Long live Rata I in exile between the walls! Don't let the bastards get you down.

For one brief moment, the few Latinists among us were in warm demand and even entertained fantasies of a lucrative diploma-reading service. The medium was the message: our own traditions, whether Latin or Ratus, are dying.

Of course, it was too much to expect of poor Ratus. No anti-establishment sentiment can be sustained that long. Even the best revolutionaries grow weary of the battle now and then. It's only human. *Voices* succeeded, like its more satirical 1971-72 predecessor *The Seminary Voice*, precisely because it blazed meteorically and then disappeared. Had it risked a continuous witness it would have been tamed, or at least received a coat of gray paint like our murid friend, Ratus.

Obviously a healthy institution can only gain from such critical dissent and internal dialogue. The question is whether the long view endorses intense but sporadic outbursts of critique rather than a slowly moderating continuity. I believe it does. Or do I, displaying Latin and proud experience, share Ratus' assimilation into the Princeton ethos of hierarchical and condescending paternalism? I hope not.

Will the Women's Center, for example, avoid that fatal moderation which accompanies continuous establishment? Will there ever be a *Voices III*, Rata II? If not, the fault, dear Ratus, will lie not in our institutional stars, but in us.



RAT NOTES

A Note on the Review of the Ratus:

When I realized Shannon Tweed wouldn't marry me, thus disallowing us to re-enact "The Song of Songs", I knew we had to find something interesting for our last issue.

A few bribes latter, to some morally corrupt friends, convinced me I had to do something, anything, to save our collective jobs at this publication. We decided to run a fast history of the Ratus. A note was thus placed in the ALUMNI NEWS and we sat back in confident expectation as to overflowing mailboxes. Wrong.

Aside from the gracious loan of photos from Roger Skelley-Watts--unpublishable with our state of the art here at PTS--of Ratus VI, and a warm letter from Jim Laurie, we got zip.

Well, copyright laws being as they are, and my morals as such, we went back through our orange box--files and safes--to hunt up whatever we could. Thus our Review of the Ratus.

We think someone ought to do up a new Ratus; say, Ratus X. We wonder if there are any Sherwin-Williams stores in the area. Ratus VII is looking a bit, ratty. Hmmm. Ratus VIII is about to graduate, thanks for the "Hodgepodges," there--and this paper is Ratus IX. There's room for more. There's need for another. We haven't painted in years,...

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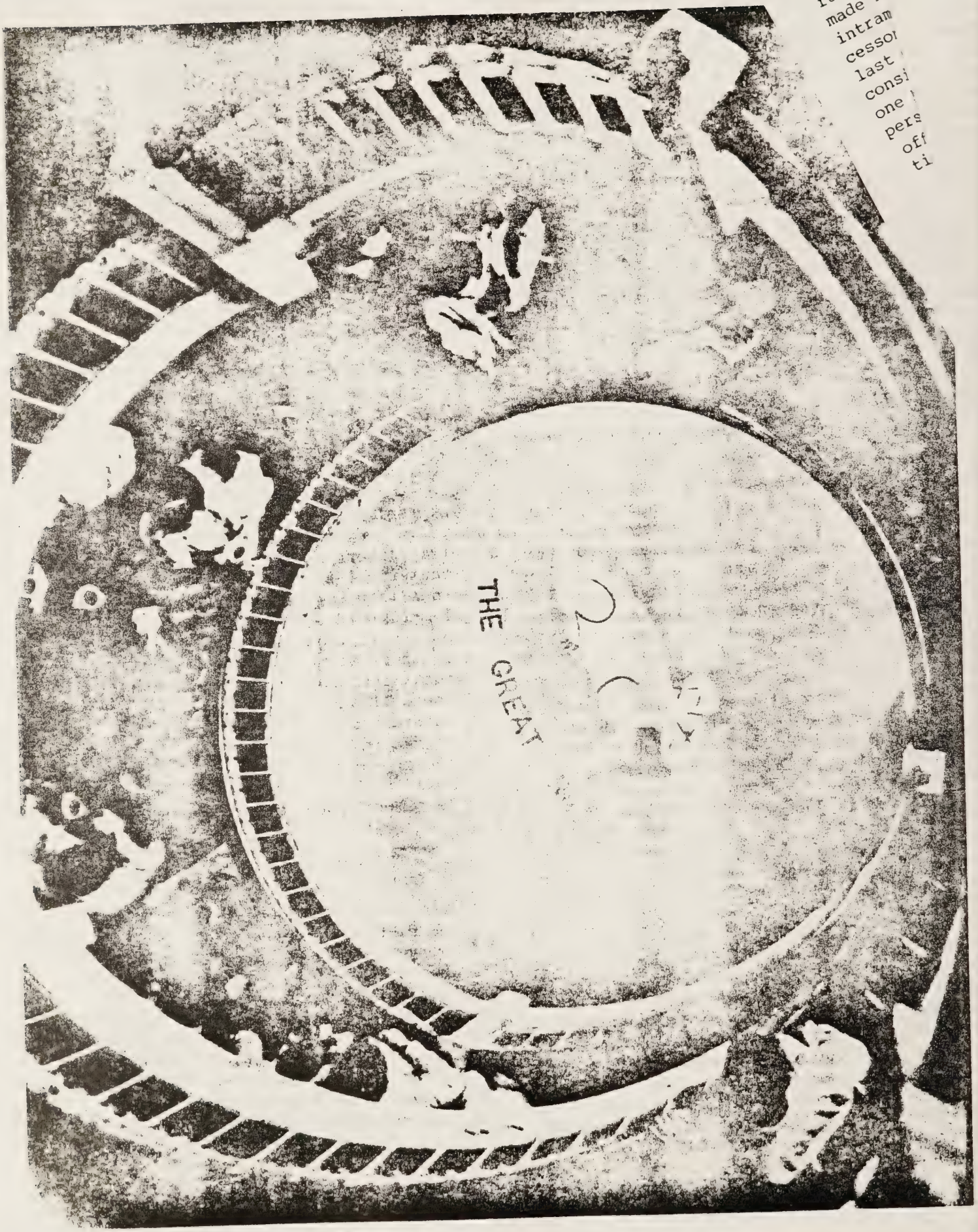
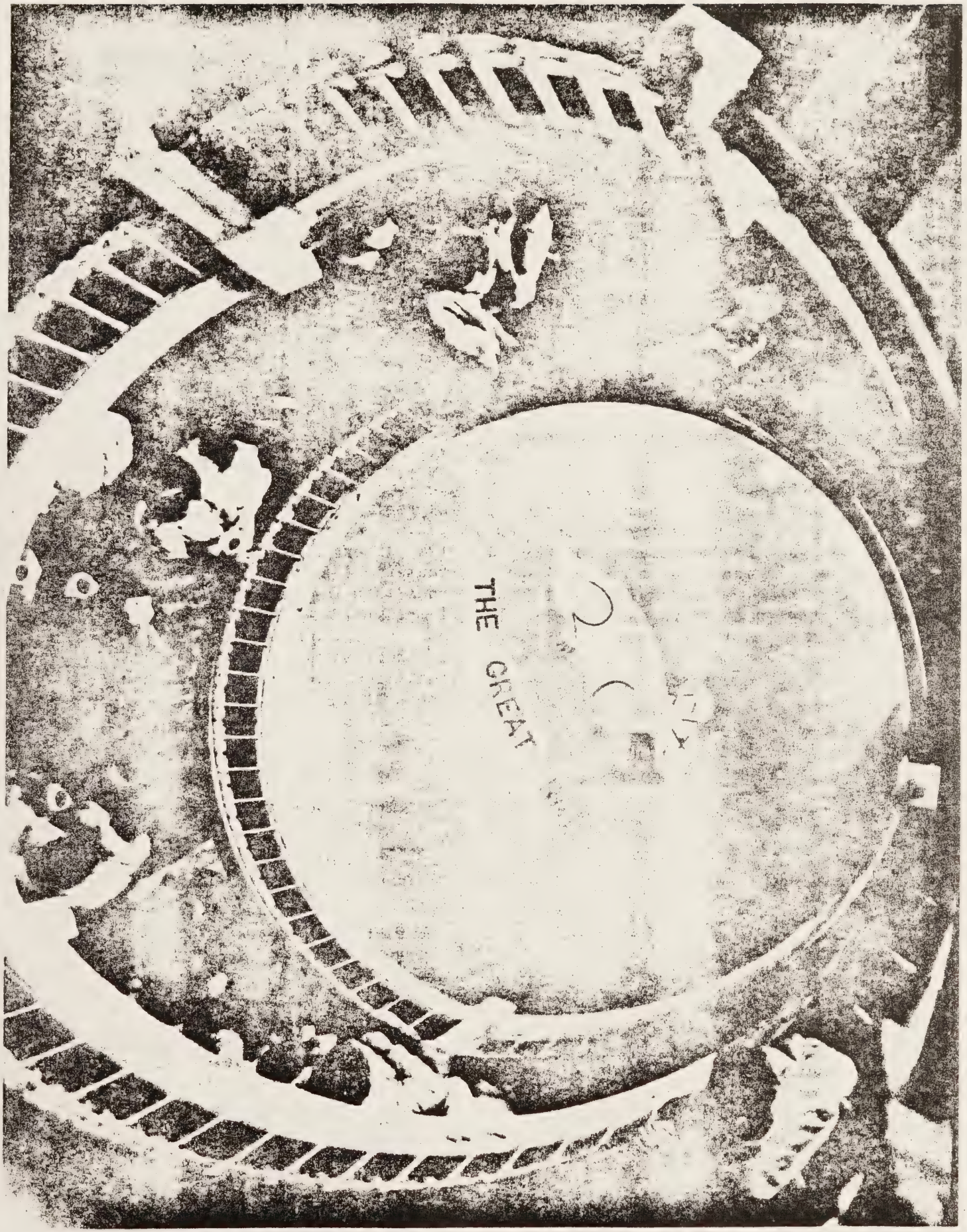



THE GREAT

Samaritan Center

March 3, 1982

J. W. Cejka, III
108 Brown
Princeton Theological Seminary
CN821
Princeton, NJ 08540

Dear Mr. Cejka:

As an alumnus of Princeton Theological Seminary in the Class of 1966, I was tremendously pleased to see the resurgence of interest in the Seminary Ratus. I was there when it all began and it was a splendid occasion. It gives me renewed hope in this generation of seminary students that the Ratus has received the kind of respect and honor due his Magnificent Presence. Though I do not have any prints or positives of the Great Ratus, I would appreciate very much receiving a copy of the Viewpoint in which this esteemed member of our community is honored.

I would suggest that you contact the distinguished Director of the D. Min. program, the Reverend Dr. J. Randall Nichols, for an inside story on this creation. It is my recollection that Dr. Nichols was present at the creation. I suspect, in fact, that he has had something to do with this resurgence of interest.

Cordially,

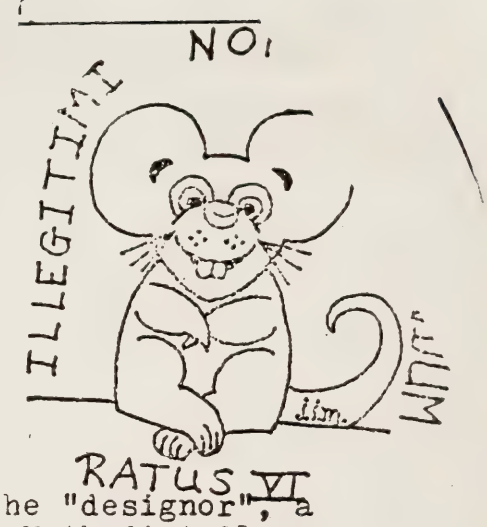
Jim Laurie

James R. Laurie, D. Min.
Executive Director

JRL:rm

903 NORTH STREET NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS 75961 TELEPHONE (713) 564-4064

JOAN and ROGER SKELLEY-WATTS



J.W. Cejka, III

108 Brown Hall
Princeton Theological Seminary, CN821
Princeton, New Jersey 08540
March 8, 1982

Dear J.W:

Herein please find "The Ratus VI Report", by the "designor", a person now well-respected member of the United Methodist Clergy, East Ohio (at least until now).

Ah, it was late one night in the spring of '73. The ivy was blooming, and the blooming professors were chasing the nubile young seminarians (mostly female) thither and yon about the campus. Thus unable to sleep and without social prospects on a typical Frieday night at old PTS, some of us spied the freshly painted basement floor as we peered down the concentric banisters of Hodge Hall. "Tempting" we thought, our minds always permeated with theological terminology.

So, I fashioned a sketch of what was to become the immortal "Ratus VI", and it was approved by the hastily organized committee (in true Presbyterian style). Ms. Harriet Hedgebeth fetched the necessary materiele (large swatches of butcher paper, scissors, pencils, paint, chalk, and brushes), and we were ready to proceed upon this dangerous mission.

Now, this also just happened to be the weekend that prospective students and their parents visited the seminary. So, as the eager young faces peered down upon us from the multi-layered balconies, we proceeded to demonstrate what seminary life was really all about. Harriet had deftly cut out the butcher paper pattern, and as I supervised from the 4th floor, she arranged the pattern and directed the committee to first trace the pattern with chalk and then apply the finish coat of bright red enamel paint. The task completed, we arranged the painters' sawhorse barricades around the "object de' art". We fully expected the custodians to arrive in the morning and paint over our creation. Amazingly enough, they did not, like they had expected us to take advantage of their newly prepared canvas.

I'll never forget how diplomatically the tour guide explained Latin to visiting parents the next morning. Behind closed doors, high-pitched, rat-like giggles could be heard echoeing down the concentric banistered hallways of Hodge.

Sincerely yours in Ratus forever,

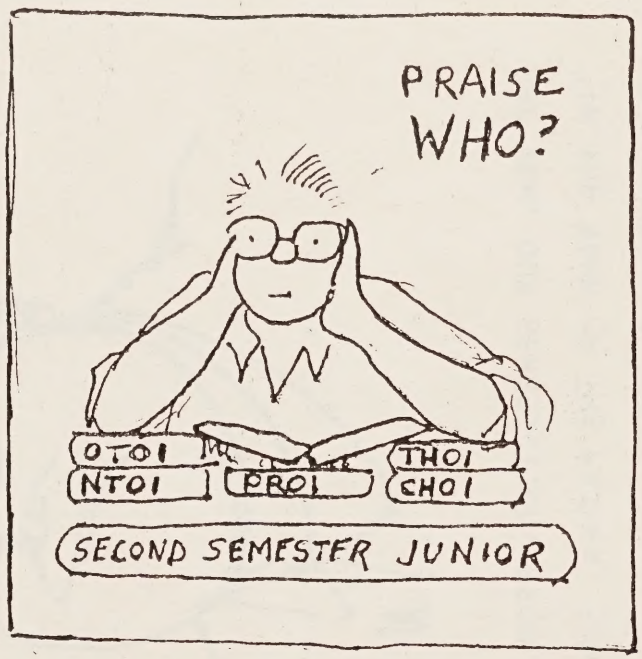
Roger

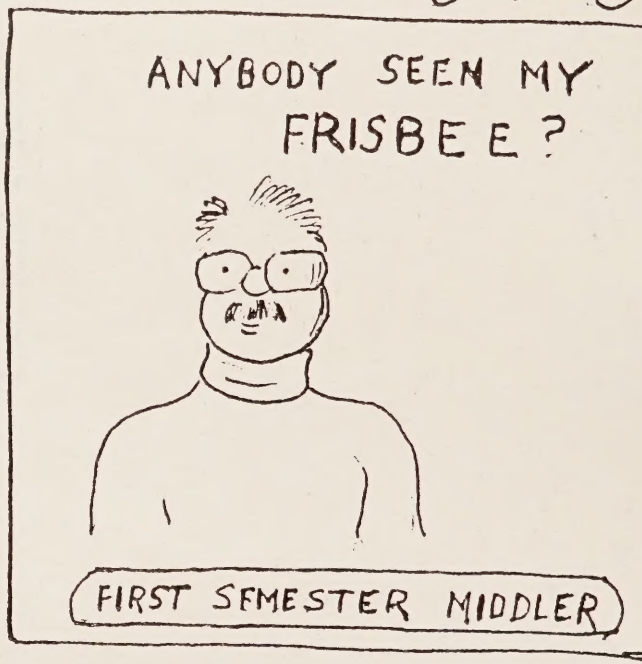
Rev. J. Roger Skelley-Watts B-74
Student Government Coalition 1972-1974

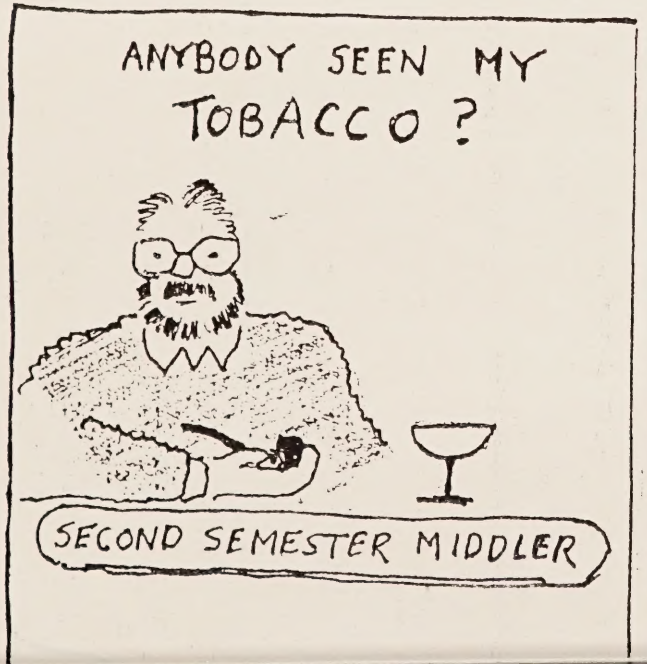
TUSCARAWAS COUNTY ROAD 102, POSTAL ROUTE #1
BOLIVAR, OHIO 44612

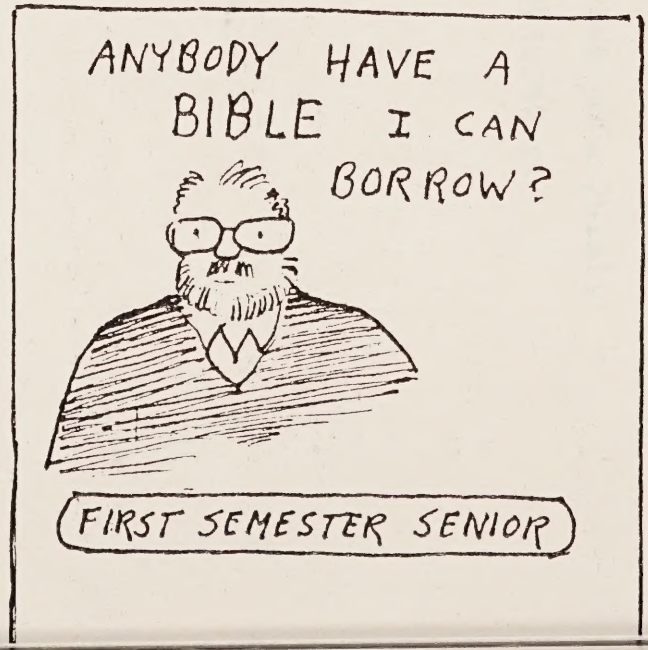
The Ascent of M.Div.

hodgepodge









AND NOW, OUR BENEDICTION, FROM CALIFORNIA:

"IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT,

HAVE A NICE DAY!"